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ROMOURED NEW ALLIANCES.

IN politics, as in ordinary affairs, the adage holds good that where there is smoke there must be fire; but the proportion which the unseen cause bears to the visible effect is generally difficult to determine. Through the vapour of diplomacy, amidst a thousand conflicting rumours—anonymous, authenticated, or semi-official—it is only possible to discern, at the most, a certain uneasiness and confusion in the relations of the Great Powers to one another. A natural desire for certainty leads to many positive conclusions, which, in almost all instances, are unsound or premature. Half the news-rooms of Europe are resounding with the supposed tidings of a Russo-French alliance, while another class of conjectural politicians obstinately adhere to the belief that Russia and Austria, notwithstanding their apparent disagreements, are united by a secret understanding. According to the natural course of suspicion, all men are disposed to give credence to reports that they are themselves the victims of fickleness or of bad faith. In the English newspapers, England is uniformly represented as a dupe or a victim; and the habitual propensities of Continental journalism supply a plausible ground for the belief. The amateur diplomatists of Europe are familiar with projects for the suppression of insular supremacy and liberty, and among ourselves the prophets of evil are seldom silent for want of an audience.

It is admitted on all sides that the treaty of Paris was concluded in a hurry, and that the details were in some instances slurred over. The plenipotentiaries assembled with an unalterable resolution to make peace; and they naturally evaded or postponed considerations which might have become obstacles to the accomplishment of their purpose. They were probably aware that the work might have been done more completely, but they feared that the delay necessary for the attainment of perfection might have resulted in absolute failure. Under the circumstances, it is surprising that so little was forgotten. The disputes which have subsequently arisen may be attributed as much to the early conclusion of the peace as to the defects existing on the face of the treaty. The territorial concessions demanded from Russia were principally suggested by the Austrian Court, which had done nothing to reduce the resources of the common adversary; and defeated Powers are more willing to acquiesce in accomplished facts than to offer pledges of submission. Either by oversight or by contrivance, the clause relating to the Bessarabian frontier was framed in such a manner as to leave room for future controversy. The Russian diplomatists, perhaps, wished that the question should be finally discussed when the alliance cemented by war had been relaxed by the completion of the treaty; and if there is any foundation for the current rumours, such a project has been partially crowned by success. The limitation of the frontier is postponed—the Commissioners find it impossible to commence their proceedings. After the expiration of the appointed six months, Austria, with the consent of Turkey, still occupies the Principalities, while allied squadrons retain their position in the Black Sea; and it is assumed that France must have sanctioned the hesitations of Russia, and that England, already agreeing with Austria and Turkey as to the separate organization of the Principalities, is a party to the demonstrations which show that the treaty is still unfulfilled. It is not unnatural that a combination of this kind, whether real or imaginary, should by anticipation be represented as a settled political system. It is said that an Anglo-Austrian alliance is about to be substituted for the Western league, and that a second ALEXANDER and a second NAPOLEON are about to renew the convention of Tilsit.

Exhaustive theories and comprehensive schemes of aggrandizement form, however, exceptional elements of inter-

national policy. Family compacts and leagues for the purpose of conquest have occasionally been framed by ambitious potentates; but in ordinary cases, statesmen, like private individuals, are content with contrivances for adjusting any difficulty which may be troublesome for the moment. There is a strong presumption that, if there is an appearance of agreement between England and Austria, the phenomenon may be attributed to the circumstance that the two Governments really entertain the same opinion as to the question of Bolgrad. It is possible that France may be comparatively indifferent to the Bessarabian frontier line, and to the tenure of the Isle of Serpents. If such discrepancies of judgment exist, they may be regretted as unseasonable; but stronger proofs are required to establish the existence of a new alliance which might be menacing to the peace of Europe. English politicians will perhaps see, not without a certain admixture of satisfaction, that their own Government knows how to combine independent action with fidelity to an ally. For two or three years, our domestic grumblers have constantly represented the joint policy of the Western Alliance as a series of concessions made by England to the proposals of a powerful confederate. But it might be more correctly said that the influence of the contracting Powers was alternately exerted for special purposes. The English nation originated the war, and the French Government was more eager in accelerating the peace. Neither party has any ground to complain of obstinacy or of bad faith, nor is there the smallest reason to anticipate a quarrel because they may separate on a decision of secondary importance.

The Emperor of the FRENCH has little cause to be satisfied with the view of his character which is adopted by many of his most noisy admirers. A Sovereign who has shown great ability and considerable tenacity of purpose is scarcely flattered by the supposition that he is a feeble adventurer in politics—or, as it were, a crowned VIVIAN GREY. With France to govern, and his own dynasty to establish, NAPOLEON III. cannot think it his interest to betray his confederates for the sake of startling public opinion. No man can be better aware that the policy of 1807 has become, in these days, not so much absurd as impossible. It would be easy to moor a raft in the middle of the river opposite Tilsit, and to line the shores with curious spectators, while two Emperors discussed, beyond the reach of mortal ears, the future destinies of mankind: but fortunately, at the present moment, the kingdoms of the Continent are not thrown into hotchpot. A French Emperor, promising a slice of Sweden in return for a Russian guarantee of Spain, would be either a lunatic or a buffoon. Absolutist courtiers and journalists ought to remember that perfidy is only to be admired when it produces some solid result. There is no room for conquest, as Europe is at present constituted; and for any other purpose, an active union between France and Russia would scarcely lead to any more important event than an additional ball at M. DE MORNY's hotel in St. Petersburg.

The corresponding theory of the alliance between England and Austria has the merit of consistency, as a natural corollary from the Russo-French hypothesis. The internal policy of Austria renders a cordial union with England for general purposes altogether impossible; but a combined attempt by Russia and France to change the sovereignty of an acre of land on the Continent would, at any time, create an *ipso facto* league of England, Germany, and Scandinavia. The inevitable result of such a contingency renders it unnecessary to provide for the difficulty by any special compact. If the black knight is moved to a certain square, the white knight will take a corresponding position, and the chances of the game will remain substantially unaltered. Dealers in political rumours, however, always prefer trifling pretexts for their prophecies to troublesome calculations of national interests and of the balance of power. Even when a previous

fiction has provided them with sufficient ground for a fresh effort of invention, they generally devise some personal anecdote or scandal to account for a consequence which, on their own showing, could not fail to occur. Given the alliance of France with Russia, the union of Austria with England was inevitable; but it is more exciting to suggest that Count WALEWSKI has given offence by the tone of his communications to the Court of Vienna. A few months or weeks since, the same or similar authorities proclaimed the intimacy between France and Austria, and triumphed over the alleged isolation of England. The new combination may probably pass away without any closer approximation to reality.

Notwithstanding the ancient clamour of Anglophobists in all parts of the world, Englishmen may fairly claim the credit of a tendency to good faith and to steadiness; but it is worth while to consider the effect of hasty popular suspicions. A cordial ally is chilled, or a jealous confederate is alienated, by an eager desire on the part of political busybodies to hear or to say some new thing on the subject of the alliance. It is right that the French Government and nation should be satisfied that England is unanimous in the desire to maintain the great league of the West. So long as it lasts, it secures us against the only European enemy who could inflict upon us any serious inconvenience, although, if accident or caprice should at any time interrupt it, the greatness and safety of England still remain unshaken. Alarmists may be well assured that the causes which have hitherto united the two Governments will continue to operate when personal and occasional difficulties are forgotten. There was a cordial understanding between the ORLEANS dynasty and the English crown, only threatened by the angry complaints of the Republicans. When Royalty was overthrown, the successful malcontents continued the policy of their predecessors, and the Empire has moved in the traces of the Republic. There is no reason to suppose that the same motives will cease to operate in the same direction.

THE CAPE AND THE CAFFRES.

THE news from the Cape is becoming serious. Another miserable conflict seems imminent, and the value of the expedients by which Sir GEORGE CATHCART hoped to prevent a recurrence of the horrors of the late war is likely to be put to the severest test. Hitherto we have been accustomed to consider the Caffres simply as a nation of cattle-stealers, who might at any time be urged to an outbreak for the sake of gratifying their marauding propensities. But a new danger now threatens. The fury of fanaticism appears to have reinforced the thirst for plunder and the natural animosity of the savages against the civilized intruders on their soil. For some time past, the natives have been under the influence of "Doctors" or "Prophets," who have excited them to war by predictions of the certain destruction of the British power. A year ago, the promises of the fanatics took the shape of a prophecy, that the Russians were about to sweep the English from the face of the earth. The Caffres, or at least those tribes which are located in the plains of British Caffraria, seem to have learned enough of the progress of European affairs to know that this assurance has proved a delusion. The time fixed for the Russian triumph passed away, and the savages have abandoned their faith in the prophets who taught them to look to a foreign invasion for aid against our power. But their first trust has only yielded to a still more formidable belief. Another doctor has arisen, and has acquired a remarkable sway over the whole Caffre race, as well within the limits of the British Sovereignty as in the independent districts beyond the Kei. UMHLAKAZA declares himself the bearer of a revelation from Heaven. He announces the immediate approach of a universal Caffre resurrection. Their old chiefs who fell in former struggles with the white men are to reappear, and lead their nation to assured victory, and the powers of nature are to aid in sweeping the unbelievers from the earth. The cattle are to share in the promised resurrection, and all faithful Caffres are exhorted to destroy their herds in the full confidence that they will be restored to life when the English shall have been driven into the sea. The hold which UMHLAKAZA'S crusade has obtained upon the minds of the natives is shown by their obedience to his strange command. Throughout the country, recruits are flocking to the holy standard, accepting baptism as a token of allegiance to the prophet, and sacrificing their cattle as a preparation for war.

UMHLAKAZA is in close confederacy with KRELI, the acknowledged chief paramount of all the petty tribes of the Caffre nation. The Galekas, his own immediate subjects, are foremost in the adoption of the desperate policy of the prophet, and are destroying their cattle, goats, and corn, as fast as they can. In a short time—if, indeed, the time has not already come—KRELI and his people will have no alternative but starvation at home, or a marauding expedition into the colonial territory. There can be little doubt of the choice which they must make. There seems to be quite as much cunning as superstition in UMHLAKAZA'S policy, which, if thoroughly carried out, will force the tribes into a desperate warfare as their last chance of existence.

As yet, the chiefs who are located in British Caffraria have not thrown off their allegiance, or joined in the desperate measures of KRELI and his prophet; but they acknowledge their inability to preserve their people from the contagion, and have remonstrated, with seeming good faith, though not without symptoms of superstitious terror, against the slaughter of cattle by their fanatical subjects. SANDILLI, our most resolute enemy in the last war—who, it will be remembered, was removed with his nation from their old fastnesses to a more remote and open district—has prohibited his followers from obeying the fatal commands of UMHLAKAZA, and has declared to the British Commissioner his resolution to preserve his own cattle; but the very language of his promise shows that he has not entirely escaped the influence of the prevailing delusion. "Though darkness should cover the land, according to the prophet's prediction, and though his own cattle should be swept away, he trusted that God would feed him, because, if he committed a sin in disobeying UMHLAKAZA, it was a sin in ignorance, and could not be severely punished." It was in vain that he was asked to remonstrate with KRELI. It was not, he said, the Caffre custom to intrude advice upon a superior chief. Mr. BROWNLEE, the British Commissioner with the Gaika tribe, pressed him with the argument, that when he saw his countrymen rushing headlong into ruin, neither etiquette nor custom should deter him from endeavouring to rescue them; but red tape, it seems, is as influential among Caffres as elsewhere, and SANDILLI abode by the decision of his counsellors, and refused to interfere by any irregular proceedings with the mad project of his Suzerain. Meanwhile, his own people are yielding to the movement, and there seems little reason to hope that he will be able to keep them faithful to our rule. The other chiefs are in similar straits between their dread of British power and their superstitious horror of opposing the prophet of their nation. SIWANA, the head of an important tribe, has, indeed, declared that he considers the delusion as the curse of God coming upon his people; but while he professes loyalty himself, he owns that he cannot restrain his followers. A very curious report of a meeting, to which KAMA, another considerable chief, had summoned his principal subjects, only confirms the chief's own statement of the extent to which his tribe is swayed by the prevailing prophecies.

Alarming as these symptoms are, there are still grounds for hoping that an outbreak, even if it cannot be avoided, may be repressed without the bloodshed and suffering of the last tedious Caffre war. The great difficulty which our troops had then to contend with was the possession by the natives of two strong natural fortresses—one in the immediate neighbourhood of King William's Town, and the other some distance within the frontier of the colony. Both of these positions, the Amatolas and the Waterkloof, are now held by our forces, and we shall at any rate be spared the delay and the cost of driving the savages from positions almost inaccessible to regular troops. The districts to which the natives were removed by Sir GEORGE CATHCART at the close of hostilities are comparatively defenceless, and may be effectually swept by cavalry. It need take but a short time to transport a sufficient force to the scene of the threatened rebellion to nip the movement in the bud, and restore tranquillity by a speedy and decisive proof of the falsehood of the prophet's representations. Besides the regulars who may be sent, a body of 1000 military emigrants of the German legion may, within a month or two at most, be posted on the frontier, and, with all the natural military positions in their hands, they alone should be able to check any incursion which the Caffres may attempt upon our settled territories. There can be no doubt, however, of the economy as well as the policy of crushing the insurrection, should it actually come to a head, by an overwhelming force, without suffering it to develop itself into a prolonged guerilla warfare, in which hordes of barbarians have so

many advantages over troops trained to act in large bodies, and hampered by notions of humanity which their enemies set at defiance. At present, it is said that no more than two English regiments remain in the colony; but these, with the Cape levies, will no doubt suffice to hold the frontier, whatever may happen, until effectual reinforcements shall have had time to arrive. It is possible that the apprehensions of a rising, which seem but too well founded, may not, after all, be realized; but the best security for peace will be found in the presence of a force which even the fanatical savages may see that they have no chance of attacking with success. Should the worst fears be confirmed, we are at any rate in a very different position from that which we occupied at the commencement of the last outbreak; and now that the character of the enemy is better understood, it will be our own fault if another war should be allowed to assume the dimensions, or to entail the expense, of that which so long baffled Sir HARRY SMITH, and was with so much difficulty terminated by his successor. We are afraid that a long time must elapse before we shall hear the last of Caffre risings; but we believe that we never need, and we hope that we never shall, be plunged into another Caffre war.

OFFICIAL JOURNALS AND FREE NEWSPAPERS.

IT is not easy to say what newspaper the *Moniteur* complains of when it rebukes the calumnies of the English press. We do not pretend that our studies have recently embraced the whole of the English journals; but certainly our impression has been that the organs of opinion have been excessively civil of late to the Imperial Government. Between their genuine respect for the good faith of our ally, and their fictitious admiration of an administrative system which it was necessary to cry up by way of contrast to our own shortcomings, the newspapers appeared to us to be falling into habits of compliment which sometimes trenched upon adulation. The author of the notice in the *Moniteur* must have been roused by some very microscopic assailant. Can it be that the unwearied sagacity of the *Morning Advertiser* has detected a plot between Marshal NARVAEZ, Queen CHRISTINA, and the French EMPRESS to land fifty thousand men on the Kentish coast? Has the *Standard* discovered that the Bishop of ARRAS has concerted with the Imperial Minister of Public Instruction a plan for the destruction of English Protestantism? It is probably some such charge from some such quarter which has irritated the Imperial critic; and, if this be so, how much has he to learn before he understands the signs of English opinion! If the *Times* publishes an article against the EMPEROR or his Ministers, doubtless that may mean something; but even then allowance ought to be made for a dull season, for an exceptional dearth of topics, for the necessity of giving variety to a too uniform vein of eulogy, or for reluctance to shut the door too noisily against future manifestoes in a different strain. As for the rest of the English Press, with one or at most two exceptions, it does not exist for the purpose of criticising foreign Governments. Even the readers who sympathize with the local, or partisan, or sectarian objects which a journal may have been established to promote, pass over its remarks on foreign politics, or are wholly unaffected by them.

The French Government appears to us to have been misled by the events which occurred after the *coup d'état* of 1851. When the military revolution became known in England, the nation was deeply shocked by the utter destruction of institutions for which it had itself furnished the model and pattern; and the educated classes, which are especially represented in and through the newspapers, were even more strongly moved than the rest of the country by a calamity which fell first and heaviest on the intellectual aristocracy of France. The principal organs of the press denounced the revolution and its authors with some eloquence and much violence; and it is possible that their resentment went beyond the wrath of their fellow-countrymen, though no sure conclusion can be drawn on this point, on account of one of those strange phenomena which constantly confound the observer of opinion in England. The peace-principles of Mr. BRIGHT and his school, on which all the hatred and contempt of the community have since been concentrated, appeared just then to be dominant, simply because no one took the trouble to make a stand against them. They had already exercised appreciable influence in Parliament, and they commanded the careless acquiescence of the thousands whom nothing but an extraordinarily powerful stimulus will call off from

the petty concerns of life and business, and compel to think for themselves. It was easy, therefore, for a few busy agitators in the cause of peace—some of whom have since then made it their profession in life to improve the efficiency of our military system—to collect a handsome show of signatures for an address to the PRINCE-PRESIDENT, disclaiming all desire for a rupture with France, and all right to interfere with her form of government. The persons whom the revolution had raised to power not unnaturally considered this movement as a rebuke to the newspapers and a triumph for themselves, and they seem now to think that they are able at all times to exercise a sort of censorship over the English press, by simply appealing to the English public against too harsh or slighting a commentary on their official acts. Now, even supposing that the journals were, as at the beginning of 1852, making a dead set at the Imperial system or its chief, it is very doubtful whether, with that better understanding of the state of opinion in the country which the war has brought with it, it would be possible to provide any such salve for the EMPEROR's pride as was applied four years ago; but, however that may be, it is quite idle to suppose that the small sallies of journalism can be repressed or punished by the *Moniteur's* invoking public indignation against their authors. The effect of this appeal is simply to make every petty print in the country swell with exultation at the notion that it has stung the French EMPEROR. The *Market Harbro' Gazette* and the *Tevesbury Times* are perfectly awful in their pledges of resistance to the tyranny which is attempted to be practised over them. "With a few base exceptions," the London and provincial newspapers are unanimous in appreciating the unmerited compliments of the French official journal.

The paragraph in the *Moniteur* has produced a strange effect on the ordinary reader of English newspapers, who has not the faintest idea how, or when, or why, or by whom the French Government was libelled. It is true that some time ago the sufferings of the exiles of Cayenne supplied the material for one or two articles, but nothing could exceed the civility of the suggestions which our journals ventured to offer to the EMPEROR's clemency. Besides, the tale of their sorrows came from a French authority, and surely the proper answer for the *Moniteur* was not a rebuke, but a contradiction. We try in vain to recal any reflections on the French Government more recent than these. The *Times*, indeed, which has the prudence to claim its share in the general condemnation of the English press, while it assures us that it has never spoken disrespectfully of the EMPEROR, admits that it has intimated no very favourable opinions of his advisers. This application of the constitutional theory to the French Empire is a little odd; but really we must acquit the Leading Journal of the atrocity from which it generously refuses to clear itself, for we do not remember that it has published a word of which any individual in the French Court could complain—unless, indeed, he took to himself the hint that strange revelations might perhaps be made by a couple of French swindlers who were lately captured in New York, and who declared, exactly like the criminals in French novels, that all the world was as bad as themselves. In short, the rebuke of the *Moniteur* is like the remarks of "Mr. F's Aunt," in *Little Dorrit*—it fails of effect from nobody knowing to what on earth it refers. With a free press, the difficulty would have been got over in a couple of days. The Opposition newspapers would have picked up the charge, if it were worth picking up, and the Ministerial journals would have exploded it next morning, if it were calumnious. But, under the existing system, the French Government does not know what imputations are worth answering; when it does answer, it can only answer in vague and general terms; and after all, it leaves us in the dark as to the nature of the attack to which it intends to reply.

UNFETTERED BANKING.

ONE would not think at first sight that Government had much to do with the trade of Banking. Its functions in this matter would appear to be very simple. It should give every possible facility to substantial persons who are willing to take care of other people's money, and it should punish them if they misuse it fraudulently. Most Governments, however, have had some favoured party or class to whom they wished the business of banking to be entrusted. They have given a *concession* to certain individuals, and have commonly expected in return some financial help. With a

view to preserve the preponderating influence of the Bank of England, our own Government for many years would not allow banking partnerships to consist of more than six persons, and the ill effects which followed from this restriction are very evident in our economical history. While we allowed every petty trader to write BANK over his door, and to pay his debts and wages in scraps of paper, we prevented the combination of many persons with means and standing, who would have given just confidence to the public, who would have had much to lose, who would have tried so to manage as not to lose it, and who would have possessed property to meet the possible consequences of any mischance. We allowed and encouraged a system of local tickets, practically very analogous to the truck system. We refused to allow a large amount of aggregate wealth to be a solid security for money entrusted to its owners. The effect was natural. In the panics of 1793 and 1825, petty banks throughout the country failed by wholesale.

We are now, though we are scarcely alive to it, committing a very similar error. Instead of allowing persons of real wealth to become shareholders in banks, we practically confine their foundation and management to comparatively needy and adventurous men. Of course we do not pass an enactment in these terms—the “wisdom” of the Legislature, perplexing as it occasionally is, was never so amazing as that. But indirect laws are often the most effectual; and of all bad laws, they are likely to be the most enduring. We enact that every person joining a bank shall be liable for every sixpence contained in it, to his last acre and his last shilling. The consequence is, that persons who join banks have very commonly but few acres and few shillings. We do not of course imply that there are not very many banks with very solid and respectable proprietors; but, as a matter of principle, and looking to the future, is this likely to continue? What sufficient motive is there for fifty men with 20,000*l.* a-piece, to combine together to form a bank? The interest to be obtained on their capital is doubtless considerable, but the risk seems greater still. Only some half-dozen of the fifty will ever know how the affairs of the company really stand. Most of them have their own concerns to manage—some do not understand accounts—not many have the energy and administrative sense suitable to so large a concern; and consequently, only a very few persons can be really aware how things are going on—the rest can merely judge from their confidence in the discretion, rectitude, and mutual independence of those few. In most cases, where ordinary care is taken, the risk of fraud is not perhaps great; and the principles of banking are now so well understood that the likelihood of any amazing mistake is but small. Few persons would consider the danger important if they could see any definite limits to the extent of the calamity, in the event of its happening. This, however, is necessary. People do not like to feel it within the reach of possibility that they may lose all their means—they are nervous at the thought of immeasurable misfortune. But if they were assured that they could not lose everything—that at the worst they would have something, or much, left—they would not consider, now that banking is understood, that there is any risk worth naming. At present, men of means are evidently timid. The extremely high profits indicated by the dividends of the existing banks show that there is something wrong. They indicate that the banker imagines he runs a great risk, and must be very highly paid for so doing. If the risk were diminished, the public would obtain their accommodation cheaper as well as more safely.

Under the system of defined liability, not only would a larger property be theoretically answerable for the debts of a bank than is usually the case now, but in practice it would be much more easily made answerable. At present, the failure of a bank is a recognised way of adding to the wealth of Boulogne. We see, in the instance of the Royal British, that there is plenty of time allowed to shareholders—if they wish to put their capital out of reach, they have every opportunity. Indeed, it is old-fashioned to go abroad. In these days of transferable wealth, there is less difficulty than there was in effectually secreting it here at home. The only security the depositors of a Joint-stock bank now have that much of the property of a shareholder will be really made liable for their repayment, is their confidence in his rectitude. If, however, a bank fails from fraud, the value of this security is at least dubious; and in every Joint-stock bank there may be persons whose consciences would interpose no insuperable difficulties to their withdrawing their property.

The legal difficulties, too, would be very much less under a system of limited liability. You would know exactly what each shareholder was liable to pay—you might at once call it up—you might require him to give security for it. At present, no one can say what the liability of an individual is likely to be. It depends on the solvency and probity of the other shareholders. Let us suppose all questions of disputed jurisdiction finally settled, and the proper legal authority directed to sue all the shareholders. Some will pay, of course, on the spot. A. is a rich man, and puts down at once 1000*l.* B. is a little man, and pays 200*l.* C. is a less, and pays 20*l.* D. is a gentleman without an address. It will therefore be necessary to break up B. and C., to meet his deficiencies—to take the last possible shilling from them—and then to come back on A. for an additional amount to make good the sum due from them and from D. This is evidently a complex and expensive process; and all the while, the depositors are kept waiting for their money, and the one rich man has months, perhaps years, to hide or export his riches.

Again, as we showed not long since, a large fund may, on the limited system, be maintained out of the reach of managers and directors. The whole of the capital need not be paid up—or, what would be still better, each shareholder might engage to be liable for double or treble the amount of his shares. There would then be a fund in the hands of the shareholders, which the active managers, on whom the temptation to misuse operates, could never touch. This supplemental capital would only be available in the event of the bank failing. If the paid-up capital were a million, the directors would have control over that; but if the shareholders agreed to be liable for one or two millions more, there would be a reserve fund—defined, it is true, in amount, but certain to exist, and very easy to reach. We hear, now-a-days, of “compromises with shareholders;” but there would be no such thing under a system of limited liability. What each man would have to pay would be known, and he could instantly be made to pay it. If the whole of it were not required, the surplus would of course be returned to him.

Nothing, indeed, can be more capricious than the present state of the law. While it forbids the formation of banks with limited liability, it allows the establishment of discount companies. It would be well if some one would explain the difference. A discount company receives money at call, or at notice, in the same manner as a bank—it employs it in the discount of commercial paper, just as a bank does. The only difference is, that the discount company does not pay in fractions by cheque—if you want your money, you must ask for it as a whole. But why this should make a difference in the whole law on the two subjects seems a difficult thing to conjecture. The fact is, from special historical circumstances, there is a certain superstition about banks from which institutions not so called are exempt. However analogous discount companies may be to banking associations, there was not even a murmur in Parliament at allowing their establishment with limited liability.

The natural tendency of the time would seem to be to extend to banks the same freedom which is allowed to all similar establishments; but it is scarcely to be expected that, at a period when great calamities have occurred, all persons will be ready to admit that Government should not do as much to prevent them as it has hitherto appeared to do. The cry, and the natural cry, at such times always is, that the State should do something more—should fasten some tighter fetter—should invent some new restriction. Accordingly, there is now a proposal to impose a new condition on banks—to make it penal in their directors and managers to borrow from them. Those, however, who make this suggestion can scarcely have followed out its consequences in the common course of business. Some of the most desirable persons to have as directors of a bank are traders acquainted with the business and the inhabitants of the place in which the bank is established. It is not, perhaps, desirable that the trading element should be the sole, or even a very preponderating one, in the direction, but still it is an essential. Without it, the business of the bank can scarcely be carried on. No other class possesses the mercantile knowledge, the thorough acquaintance with the course of affairs, and the accurate knowledge of the pecuniary circumstances of everybody in the neighbourhood, which are necessary. A banker has to *value* every man—to say whether he is “good” or poor—worth little or nothing. No person who is not daily in the habit of doing this will succeed. Every trader has to do it for the purposes of his own busi-

ness. A bank direction which has not a sufficient number of mercantile men is sure to fall under the despotism of its manager. Moreover, it is absurd to expect people in trade to take a great deal of trouble about a bank from which they are forbidden to receive the ordinary accommodation required by people in trade. The power to borrow readily, and considerably, and often without security, is one of the most necessary wants of a merchant. He properly expects from his banker, who knows him and has confidence in him, loans under circumstances in which no other money-lender would think of making them. A banker is expected, not only to lend on securities, but to fill up the interstices, so to speak, of the trader's capital without security—to supply, that is, by temporary loans, the occasional *lacunæ* between receipts and payments, and to do this simply and readily. No ordinary bill-broker or money-dealer would be justified in giving this sort of accommodation—it can only be obtained from a banker, who is familiar with the persons and circumstances of his customers. It is unreasonable, therefore, to expect that persons in trade will become directors of banks—still more that will employ their time in founding new banks—in which they are to be excluded from this accommodation.

The effect of attempting to impose such a restriction would be that the foundation and direction of banks would fall into the hands of inferior persons, and also that they would evade it. It is not very difficult of evasion. If B is a bank director, he may lend continually to a customer, on condition of sharing half the proceeds; and it would not often be possible to obtain any proof of the misapplication of the money, even when the transaction was one of thousands. Indeed, apart from fraud, it is not very easy, in these days of complicated commerce, to say what is, and what is not, lending to oneself. Take the case of the Directors of the Bank of England. Every one who is at all acquainted with the transactions of the commercial world knows in what a number of transactions they are interested. Suppose one of them has a house at Bombay, a house at Callao, a house at Liverpool, and a house at Melbourne—each of these separate houses is drawing, indorsing, accepting bills on the others, and on half the world. Is no one of these bills to be discounted by the Bank of England? If they are, we should like to see the Act of Parliament which should distinguish between such a transaction and the discounts and advances which it is wished to prevent. If they are not, a good many eminent merchants will decline to be bank directors.

What is true in the suggestion to which we have referred is, that the persons who are principally concerned in the management of a bank ought to be so well remunerated for their services as not to require to trade on their own account—and next, that there should be a body of mutually independent directors who should keep a watch on one another's proceedings. Almost all the banks that have failed have been in the hands of cliques of traders, all connected with each other, and without any counteracting and independent element. Under the present law, this is not strange. So few people are willing to have to do with banks, and so few are competent to become directors, that it is difficult to procure a fit and adequate governing council; but, under a system of less narrow restrictions, a greater number of wealthy and competent persons would be willing to embark in banking enterprise.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SO many military banquets have been given of late that the interest at first felt in these displays had begun to lose something of its edge, when it happily occurred to the entertainers of the three gallant regiments of Staffordshire militia to grace their feast by the presence and the oratory of Sir ROBERT PEEL. A more effective star could not have been chosen. Sir ROBERT has inherited, together with his title and estates, all his father's talents, except his statesmanship, judgment, sagacity, caution, accuracy, and good taste. Being thus endowed by nature and fortune, and already distinguished in the career of diplomacy, he was selected to accompany the British Embassy Extraordinary to St. Petersburg and Moscow. He is, moreover, a Lord of the Admiralty, and therefore, in some sense, a member of the Government. His name, indeed, was added at the militia dinner, to the toast of "Her MAJESTY'S Ministers;" and, as we learn from his own lips, he will be only too glad "when the opportunity may arrive for his name to be coupled with propriety with that distinguished body." Many

a true word is spoken in jest, and we are, at any rate, doing Sir ROBERT no wrong in assuming that his ambition soars to higher regions than those which he has yet been allowed to occupy.

With ample wealth and leisure, and with a name of which any politician might be proud, there seems scarcely any limit to the hopes which the fortunate baronet may conceive himself entitled to indulge; and we congratulate him on having inaugurated his career by the manly and statesmanlike declaration with which he announced to the Staffordshire militia the result of his Russian experiences. The first duty of the Lord of the Admiralty was, of course, to return thanks for the navy. The subject, however interesting, has been toasted, and sung, and glorified, till it is really hard to say anything new about it; but there is always room for genius to reveal itself. Sir ROBERT scorned the beaten track of compliment, and instead of contenting himself with the usual common-place, that the spirit of NELSON animated every Jack on the fore-castle and every officer on the quarter-deck, he contrived to spice his reply with the insinuation that, while many naval men were ready to follow the steps of their immortal predecessor, there were some to whom the honour of the country could not safely be trusted. The happy idea thus gracefully suggested was fully worked out in the speech in which he returned thanks as one of the members of the Administration. Sir CHARLES NAPIER is a rather stale, but a very safe, object of attack. The old Admiral has done so much to damage himself, and has been so mercilessly handled by critics both in office and in the press, that any one who feels inclined to strike another blow at the remains of his reputation is pretty sure to secure a favourable reception for his not very magnanimous onslaught on a deposed hero. It is so easy too, to contrast the picture of NELSON, dashing into harbours and storming fortresses, with the inglorious attitude of an admiral who did nothing more than blockade ports which he dared not enter. All this, however, might have been done by any one who had studied the instructive naval history which has from time to time been invented in Printing-house-square. Any orator, even without having travelled to St. Petersburg, can always ensure a favourable comment on his speech by avowing his belief that, if a man possessed of the spirit and capacity of a NELSON had commanded the Baltic fleet, the fortress of Cronstadt would have fallen, as Copenhagen fell. But Sir ROBERT could bid higher than this for the approval of daily infallibility. Had he not been to Cronstadt, and was it not the opinion of every one, from the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE to the youngest midshipman in the *Vladimir*, that if the energy of the commander had equalled the pluck of the British navy, that fortress would at this moment be crumbled in the dust? Perhaps it may be fairly assumed that the opinion of the youngest midshipman was likely to be a little biassed on the subject; and possibly even the GRAND DUKE himself, who was afraid to come out with his fleet, may have been glad to hint that his opponent was equally afraid to go in.

But, granting their opinion to be correct, and that Cronstadt might have been crumbled to powder, once for all, by a little more vigour on the part of the English fleet, we do not see the utility of renewing the attack on an old Admiral who certainly will never have the opportunity of doing any more mischief. It is true that Sir CHARLES NAPIER disappointed everybody. It is possible that we expected too much, and it is very probable that he did too little. But, for this he has been a public victim for some two years. He has been snubbed by his official superiors—he has been thoroughly brayed in a mortar by the press till the public have got tired of his very name—and he has continually renewed his own torture by attempting vindications to which no one would listen. After this, Sir ROBERT might surely have left him alone. If he wanted a reputation to smash, it would have been as manly to choose one that had not been ready mangled to his hand by more effective practitioners than himself. Sir CHARLES was not the only admiral who achieved less than was expected with our splendid fleets in the Baltic and the Black Sea. Others besides NAPIER looked on hopelessly at the grim face of Cronstadt; and the whole force of the Black Sea fleet was thought insufficient for the service of destroying the bridge which enabled the Russians to effect their final escape from Sebastopol. No doubt the Russian midshipmen have their views about LYONS and DUNDAS, as well as about Sir CHARLES; and if we had been favoured with a note of

these, it would have been more useful, as affording a measure of men who are scarcely yet shelved, than even the clearest condemnation of one who is never likely to be entrusted with the command of another fleet. But Sir ROBERT is a man of discriminating genius, and knows whom to attack and whom to defend. He is not one of your brutal critics who cut a man up for the mere pleasure of the dissection. He is not cruel without an object—no one would have taken him by the hand in return for an onslaught on any other admiral than the hero of the Reform Club.

To have the same friends and the same enemies is the best foundation for lasting amity; and it no doubt occurred to Sir ROBERT that, among the English spectators of the Moscow Coronation, there was one who was high in favour in the same quarter where the poor old Admiral had found his bitterest critics. A eulogy on Our Own Correspondent, following close upon an assault on Sir CHARLES NAPIER, was a great stroke of policy, and could not fail to secure the reward which the sagacious orator had the satisfaction of receiving at an early hour of the following morning. The first official backer of "the Czar's best friend" becomes a representative man at once. It is not every one who can, by a single speech, get himself presented to the public as the one living protest against red tape and official reticence; and the skill with which Sir ROBERT has dashed into this vacant position is a happy omen of his future political life. Nor is it only in the two essential points which we have noticed that his sagacious and comprehensive tactics are apparent. There is the same outspoken style in everything he utters. How tasteful and judicious, for example, is his eulogy on his chief! "In Earl GRANVILLE, the Government had one who, though carrying courtesy to its utmost limits, was not anxious to impress the Russian Court, as another ambassador did, that a different feeling prevailed towards Russia from what was really the case." The country may be congratulated on the possession of a public servant who knows how to relieve the insipidity of his praise by a sneer at an ally, coupled with something like an affront to a country with which we have but just been reconciled.

That this distinguished statesman should be able to appreciate the "force" which daily magnified the mishaps caused by the want of "Head, Head, Head," while he delights to paint the discomfiture of British arms, and the degeneracy of the British navy, is only a proof that he who is great himself knows how to honour greatness in others. It takes a hero to appreciate a hero; and it requires a Sir ROBERT PEELE to appreciate the *Times*. It is not given to every one to do justice to journalism. It is "only now and then that some thoroughly brave, open-hearted functionary of the State will break the rule, dare the sneers of office, and tell truth and shame the devil, by just doing us common justice." Once more we say, let the country congratulate itself on having at least one rising statesman who is equal to this effort of magnanimity; and let us also felicitate the prudent and skilful Baronet who, by the adoption of so cheap and simple an expedient, has secured so favourable a certificate from the dispensers of political reputation.

"BOSTON IS A PRETTY PLACE," &c.

SO says the Transatlantic national song, and the member for Cisatlantic Boston has illustrated—as the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News* was bound to do—the popular sentiment. Mr. HERBERT INGRAM, M.P., after the fashion of the day, has been entertained by his constituents at a public dinner; and in return, he has entertained, not only his hosts, but the public at the same time. On the whole, we are more pleased with Mr. INGRAM in print than in Parliament. We lose, to be sure, somewhat of the raciness of his spoken speeches, which chiefly consists in peculiar views of the English aspirate; but, by way of compensation, we get in his published oration a more complete view of the man. Mr. INGRAM is, in the strictest sense, a representative man; and he represents what has made him—the *Illustrated Newspaper*. Like his journal, he is copious and discursive—at once sensible and ridiculous—full of the most prolix and patent truisms—without a single flash of genius or originality—touching every subject, but exhausting none. He tells us nothing new, but he gives us a bird's-eye view of most things. All things, human and divine, social and political, economical and moral, foreign and domestic, private and public, are touched upon alike by Mr. INGRAM and his pictorial counterpart. He and his journal are ready at a moment's notice with a view or a picture of everything

that is going on—sometimes with an illustration of what is not going on, as of the taking of Sebastopol the day after the Battle of the Alma. From the geography, or rather from the selenography, of the moon, down to the portrait of Policeman X 345, who rescued the woman at the fire in Eldon Street, Mr. INGRAM's artists are always ready with easy and inventive pencil; and Mr. INGRAM himself has caught the facility of hand displayed by his *employés*.

If we attempt an epitome of Mr. INGRAM's Boston speech, we shall find that it reads much like an *Annual Register* in little—very little. We have, first, Boston, in general and in particular—the Boston of the past and of the present—Boston political, Boston moral—Boston free, Boston independent—Boston in New England, Boston in old England—Boston of the Pilgrim Fathers—Boston of the fens and flats. Mr. INGRAM took his seat for Boston, and voted that very night against the County Police Bill, for the very Bostonian, not to say Boeotian reason, that it was a county measure, and that its expenses were to fall upon the Consolidated Fund. He thought it unfair to allow the counties any benefit from the general fund of taxation, because, we presume—though he prudently avoided giving the reason—the farmers and squires contribute nothing to the taxes. However, he is glad the measure was carried, because the "end and aim of all government is to protect life and property, and no man would till the ground if his property was not fully protected." His excellent reasons for the bill, and his satisfaction at its success, may very well balance his most irrational vote against it.

Then came the subject of the supplies. As before, Mr. INGRAM's premises and conclusion—his principle and practice—are sorely at variance. When he has a right theory, he is sure not to apply it; and as often as he stumbles into a justifiable vote, out he comes with an admission that it is clean contrary to his judgment and convictions. He votes against the county police because the thing is right—he votes wholesale all the Government estimates, because he is in heart convinced "that the present mode of spending the public money is very unsatisfactory." So, again, with respect to the Income Tax. The member for Boston very sensibly expressed his inability to vote with Mr. MUNTZ, because he was not prepared to abolish the Property and Income Tax without offering a substitute. But here he should have remembered the advice given to the celebrated military judge by his crafty legal friend. Mr. INGRAM should have been contented with his conclusion, and kept his reasons to himself. What evil genius instigated him to favour the Boston diners with the INGRAM theory of the Income Tax! "People," he says, "without consideration say that a person having land and houses for life only ought not to pay so much as a person who can leave property to his children," &c. &c. Will Mr. INGRAM favour us with a definition of persons who have lands and houses for a longer period than life only? Has Lord WESTMINSTER more than a life tenancy? Again, Mr. INGRAM justifies the Income Tax on a ground peculiar to himself,—namely, because it is the natural mode of reducing the National Debt. Certainly we have all of us submitted to the impost, and successive financiers have urged it, upon very different grounds. We have been told that it is a war tax; and if all along we have been softly sawdred out of our seven per cent. on false pretences, the GLADSTONES and the LEWISES will not thank Mr. INGRAM for his indiscreet revelations.

Political economy is certainly not Mr. INGRAM's strong point. He has quite enough financial sense to see his own interest, and, generally speaking, that of the community; but his view is that of the tradesman, not of the financier. His charity is of the sort which begins at home, and which has, if not the promise of the next world, at least the confidence of this. He views things political and national chiefly as they affect, directly or indirectly, his own business. He is of the old leather school of national advisers. With a quick eye to business returns, he estimates our policy, foreign and domestic, by its possible bearings on the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. INGRAM is not content with the humble part of voting according to his convictions, or against them—for it is quite immaterial which way a man thinks, if substantially, as we admit to be the member for Boston's case, he goes into the right lobby—but he must do something in the independent line. He has given notice of a motion. It is for a select committee to inquire into the collection of the Inland Revenue. He does not precisely inform us what he expects from his committee. He mutters something about assessment, and collection, and inquiry, and

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doubts, and difficulties; but he is not explicit. Presently, however, when he is dealing with another subject—namely, Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS's Budget—we get a glimpse of Mr. INGRAM's patriotic anxiety about the Inland Revenue. It is not stamps, it is not hops, it is not licences, neither is it the Property or Income Tax which fires him with the noble ambition of nominating a select committee. "I protested," he tells us—and reasonably, considering that newspapers are, *ex vi termini*, a commodity consisting of paper, and that Mr. INGRAM is perhaps the very largest consumer of paper in the world—"against the continuance of the paper duty as a tax on the intelligence, the industry, and education of the country."

And so throughout. Mr. INGRAM, like most other men, is a Law Reformer. The law is full of abuses—so we have often heard. "The state of the law is perfectly frightful." Its abuses are brought home to Mr. INGRAM's own door, nay, into his counting-house:—"The other day a person brought an action of alleged piracy against me. He said I copied his work. He got one shilling damages; the costs, however, were good." We quite sympathise with Mr. INGRAM. We are not surprised at his very natural indignation. At this statement the Boston people are reported to have said, "Oh, oh!"—an interjection which must have been extorted from Mr. INGRAM at the sight of his lawyer's bill. Even the subject of the Neapolitan intervention only suggests to the member for Boston a matter for commercial consideration—he wonders whether the allies will insist on the liberty of the press. For our own part, we sincerely hope that they will go for the untaxed circulation of the illustrated newspapers, with their forthcoming views—already probably engraved—of the Bay of Naples, and the Chiaja, and their portraits of POERIO and the Prince of Syracuse, and authentic copies of King FERDINAND's signature to the Convention which is to be.

We cannot afford to part with Mr. INGRAM on other than civil terms. He is, no doubt, a specimen of a class of whom we may have more than enough in Parliament. He possesses, as we said at the time of his election, no single qualification for his position. It is not enough for a legislator to be a successful tradesman; and literature is no more represented by Mr. INGRAM than the type-founder may be said to contribute to BACON's philosophy. However, with all his platitudes, prejudices, and illogical blundering, it is a comfort that, if we are to have a crop of such legislators, they so seldom go wrong, whatever nonsense they may talk. And we cannot conclude without expressing our hope that the day is far distant when Mr. INGRAM will reap the very high reward which he anticipates for his many services to his native town, and that the sacrifices which he has made on the altar of his country—"the many nights he has passed without his usual repose,"—may be returned to him, at any rate, in the mundane satisfaction that, if he has lost his own slumbers, his speeches contribute to the slumbers of other people. And further, as he is certain of his recompense—as he "knows that he shall not go unrewarded in another brighter world"—we trust that in those regions of which he has made sure, he will prove a more shining light than he has exhibited himself in the present state of things.

COUNTY MAGISTRATES.

THE County Magistracy is a venerable institution, and a very useful one; but its greatest admirers will scarcely say that it is not capable of improvement. A perceptible change for the better has, indeed, taken place in the last few years, but it has been made in a direction which still offers a very wide field for further advance. There is not so much direct bullying of the poor as there was formerly, or such open and insolent contempt for them. The present race of magistrates are, as a class, more honestly anxious to do their work thoroughly than their predecessors. They are more ready to make allowance for temptation; and they have a better notion of what is really required by their neighbours and their dependents. But they still exercise a great deal too much of a petty and pompous tyranny. They often, through ignorance of law, work very great injustice, however good may be their intentions; and they undertake duties of visiting and inspecting public institutions, which they discharge so imperfectly that they only stand in the way of real supervision. Odd stories are continually afloat of the legal wisdom displayed by Chairmen of Quarter Sessions. One gentleman is said to be in the habit of submitting criminal cases to the consideration of a jury with the obscure direction, "If you think the prisoner 'guilty,' you will say so; if you think him 'not guilty,' you will give him the benefit of the doubt." Another chairman is reported to have introduced into

his summing-up the casual observation, "that the fact did not bear on the prisoner's case, but the jury might like to know that the prisoner had previously undergone a four years' imprisonment." Sir George Stephen, in a pamphlet lately published on the subject of public prosecutors, tells a story of a presiding magistrate who, on a case decided in the Exchequer Chamber being quoted in opposition to his decision, replied, "that the case might be very good Exchequer Chamber law, but was not Sessions law." When such stories are current as to the sayings of Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, who are generally superior to the average of magistrates in knowledge and ability, we may be sure that their humbler colleagues often act with wonderfully little regard for the law when they dispose of the trifling cases which are settled at petty sessions.

Errors arising among magistrates from a misapprehension of their duties, or from selfishness, timidity, or negligence, can only be prevented by the increased prevalence of a spirit of good feeling and good sense. But legal errors are the result of pure ignorance, and of an ignorance which could be in a great measure removed. County magistrates are generally anxious to decide according to the law. But how are they to know the law? They have a clerk to help them; but even if the clerk could direct them aright, it is the magistrate, not the young attorney, who is set in the throne of justice, and on whom the burden of responsibility falls. He ought at least to be able to hold his adviser in check. Generally, magistrates have only one chance of keeping right, and it is one of which they avail themselves (when possible) very blindly, but with an eagerness that does them credit. In most districts, some squire is to be found who has eaten dinners at an Inn of Court, who has been called to the Bar, and who is therefore popularly supposed to have learnt some law. It is not unreasonable to conclude that a lawyer has acquired at least the rudiments of the knowledge proper to a profession into which a great corporation has solemnly admitted him. Few men object to having knowledge imputed to them, or to being treated as high authorities; and the nominal barrister can perhaps scarcely persuade himself that he is absolutely ignorant of law, when he has spent so much time and money in being called to the Bar, and when he sees all his friends convinced that he must certainly have been taught much more than they can pretend to know. So he accepts the greatness thrust on him; and when a knotty point puzzles the bench, he works out the subtle *is*s of the English law, as the German did the natural history of the giraffe, from the depths of his inner self-consciousness. Probably he may feel that this is but poor work, and will bitterly regret that the opportunity of learning which was nominally offered him when he was a young man was only a delusion. But it is too late for him to begin afresh. His power of working has long ago been rusted and worn out. It cannot be expected that a man who kills his own mutton should really sit down late in life to a law-book. His son and heir, however, growing up to man's estate, and he heartily wishes to be wiser for his son than he was for himself. But the same story is repeated—the three years of nominal legal preparation are wasted by the new generation as they were by the old. Parents do not wish this, but parents are powerless. Legal education is in the hands of the Benchers of the Inns of Court, and it is denied to that large number who would learn cheerfully if they were obliged to learn, but who cannot make up their minds to a vague course of voluntary study. Experience tells us that the prospect of a compulsory examination is absolutely necessary in order to get a fair amount of work out of men of ordinary ability. The improvement visible in the two great Universities during the last quarter of a century is entirely owing to the establishment of repeated examinations. Parents who perceive that their sons can no longer be so hopelessly idle at Oxford as they probably would have been even so recently as ten years ago, and who rejoice in the change, would be equally glad that the only effectual means should be taken to prevent young men who are nominally training for the Bar from entirely wasting their time. Those who oppose the introduction of an examination for law students seem to think that the friends and relatives of young men entered at the Inns of Court have no serious object whatever in view, and do not desire that these young gentlemen should be industrious, or in any way qualify themselves for their future stations. We feel sure that the very opposite is the prevailing feeling. Squires do not wish to see their sons idle, or to pay the expenses of a legal education without obtaining a corresponding benefit. Without a compulsory examination and compulsory attendance on lectures, no real instruction can be ensured. No one can ascertain that the class of young men of whom we are now speaking learn anything in the chambers of a practising barrister. They come down to the Temple or Lincoln's Inn at noon, read the newspaper, and go away. They have no motive to spur their industry. However idle they may be, they are sure to be called; and when once they are called, society does not think of testing their proficiency. A barrister is a barrister, whether he is Justice Shallow or Lord Bacon.

The present administrators of the funds belonging to the Inns of Court look at the matter almost entirely in a pecuniary light. They admit that, if a compulsory examination were established, legal learning might be, in some cases, extended among magistrates, and that the parents of a certain number of students might be glad to receive a guarantee for the industry of their sons; but they fear that young men themselves, whose fortune is assured

and who never intend to practise, would decline to be called to the Bar, and thus the revenues of the societies would be seriously diminished. We might refuse to argue, as a mere matter of money, the question whether a public duty should be properly fulfilled, but we are not at all sure that the probability is on the side of those who entertain these fears. The experience of the Universities is against them. We do not find that young men refuse to go through the several examinations which lead to a degree, because they are heirs to a good estate. They know that a degree is the proper, customary, recognised end of a University career, and they do not like to show themselves unequal to following their career to its end. When they have left College, they go to the Bar, because they know that this will be supposed to fit them in some degree for the future duties of their station; and they would not give up this title to future estimation merely because they had to pass through the steps necessary to obtain it, if the only difficulties to be surmounted were analogous to those through which they had passed at College. There is not one law student in twenty who goes to the Bar for the express purpose of qualifying himself for magisterial duties, who has not been at one of the great Universities. They have all, therefore, with very few exceptions, been accustomed to examinations; and as the standard of a legal examination is certain not to be fixed so high as to give even dull men more than a few months' work, they would go through it as a matter of course, exactly as they have gone through their examinations at College.

We do not wish to see any diminution in the variety of elements of which the county magistracy is composed. A soldier, a merchant, or a peer, may with great advantage be placed on the bench with others, and bring to the administration of justice the common sense and practical experience which they have acquired in the camp, the counting-house, or parliament. But if a magistrate is placed on the bench because he not only owns a large property in the county, but because he is a barrister—and if, when on the bench, he receives the deference offered to his supposed legal knowledge—it is surely to be wished that those who give him the name which is his title to consideration, should ascertain that he is reasonably fit to bear it. Were an examination established which should ensure that every barrister had attained a certain amount of legal knowledge, a preference might fairly be given to persons who were both men of property and barristers, so far as to secure, if possible, the presence of one barrister on every bench. It is desirable, by every possible means, to encourage the notion that it is the duty of an aristocracy to study the laws of the country they rule. It ought always to be considered, in some degree, an imputation against the heir to a landed estate, or against any one destined to occupy a position of influence in an English county, that he did not, when a young man—unless engaged in one of the active professions—make himself tolerably familiar with English law. There is only one way by which such a familiarity can be ensured. The future magistrate must receive from the Inns, under the name of a call to the Bar, a certificate of competence, and for this a compulsory examination is indispensable.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE ENGLISH PRESS.

THE *Moniteur* published, a few days ago, a curious and injudicious outburst of ill-humour against the English press. A powerful Sovereign forgets his dignity when he complains of real or fancied offences which are altogether beyond his control; and though it is natural, or at least excusable, that the freedom and frequent licence of English criticisms should cause irritation in foreign Courts, the calumnies or false accusations denounced by the official journal—whatever they may be—can scarcely alarm or injure the Imperial Government. The charges which are probably most annoying to the French Emperor, though often imprudently urged, are undeniably true. The extinction or suspension of public liberty is precisely the political system which is extolled by French courtiers as the preservation of order, or, to use their favourite phrase, the "vigorous initiative." The grave dissatisfaction of the educated classes in France in no degree depends on the declamations of English writers. Mere calumnies and libels may safely be left to exhaust themselves; but they will certainly be propagated and stimulated by the official announcement that their authors have inflicted the annoyance which they designed.

If the press possessed any moral unity, it might, without injustice, be held collectively responsible for the errors and acts of imprudence committed by any of its members; but the Emperor of the French must be fully aware that no English publicist can prevent the promulgation of opinions utterly incompatible with his own convictions. The press is a general term, or noun of multitude, used to designate hundreds of unconnected and reciprocally independent publications. The paragraph in the *Moniteur* is either intended as an appeal to the prudence of each individual journalist, or as a covert remonstrance against our traditional liberty of unlicensed printing. An official address to a particular class of foreigners would, however, be a singular, and by no means a judicious, innovation; whilst a protest against the principles of the English constitution would be still more irreconcilable with sound policy. The manifesto is best explained and excused by attributing it to temporary irritation.

If the warning proceeded from an opposite quarter, it might not be unworthy of the attention of political writers in this

country. During the war, a large portion of the press violated the rules of good taste and common sense by the extravagant adulation which it bestowed on the person and Government of our powerful ally. The applause which greeted the Imperial visit to England was felt by many to be excessive, hasty, and undignified. The rules of good breeding prescribe limits to the eulogies which can be properly bestowed on a stranger; for the right to praise involves a contingent claim to find fault. True courtesy assumes the merits which vulgar enthusiasm openly extols. Large classes of Frenchmen have since complained of the apparent sanction which English opinion had conferred on a system of centralized absolutism. If every man in the crowd which lined the streets during the Imperial procession to Guildhall had been a statesman and a philosopher, the expression of feeling might have been more valuable, but it certainly would not have been so loud. International comity dictates respect to the constituted authorities of independent States, and a warmer welcome is naturally given to a Sovereign who is for the time a confederate; but freemen, especially when they are collected in multitudes, sometimes deviate on this side or on that, from the golden mean. The plaudits of 1855 were as unavoidable as the critical paragraphs of 1856.

Prudent Englishmen would generally discourage the tendency of the press to attack foreign institutions. A nation like the French, fully able and willing to vindicate its own independence, derives little advantage from the censures of alien critics. If political prisoners are harshly treated in Cayenne, the responsibility is wholly distributed between the Government which commits questionable acts and the people which voluntarily or passively entrusts such powers to its rulers. Public instructors ought at once to represent and to guide the prevailing opinion of their countrymen. There can be no doubt that the English nation anxiously desires to cultivate and maintain the French alliance, irrespectively of the rulers who may from time to time occupy the Tuileries; and if there are any political writers who are incessantly carping at the actions of the French Government, they undoubtedly run the risk, which the *Moniteur* ought not to have pointed out, of "disuniting two nations whose alliance is the best guarantee of the peace of the world." In ordinary cases, no advantage which could arise from their strictures would be such as to compensate for the evil which they might involuntarily produce.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that Englishmen should fail to appreciate the effect of criticism on the sensitive nerves of absolute Governments. There never was a country so well abused as England herself; and the infliction has been borne with a fortitude or complacency which generally irritates the assailants to further violence. Not to mention the thousand American journals which, in the intervals of domestic politics, concentrate all their thunder on the obnoxious Britisher, the hacks of absolutism and priestcraft on the Continent live almost exclusively on Anglophobia. In capitals where every line in every newspaper has received previous official approval—at St. Petersburg, at Vienna, at Milan—the perfidy of the English Government and the notorious anarchy of the English people form the staple of political discussion or invective. Paris itself furnishes some of the most worthy specimens of the anti-English journal. The *Assemblée Nationale* is convinced that sympathy with Italy is a mere excuse for thrusting cotton prints down the throats of the Romans and Neapolitans at the point of the bayonet. The pious *Univers* has repeatedly invited all European Powers to join in a crusade against the stronghold of the Protestant heresy. The only revenge which has been taken or desired on our part consists in the occasional re-publication, in English newspapers, of some more than ordinarily rabid expression of political or religious malignity. At the same time, however, the comparative sensitiveness of foreign Governments is entitled to consideration. Indifference to abuse furnishes no sufficient justification for the infliction of unprofitable annoyance on others.

It seems that the calumnies which excite the wrath of the *Moniteur* are "the more odious because they are concealed under an anonymous mask," and it is added, by a curious oversight, that the charges which the official journal is engaged in answering "can only be answered by contempt." It is of course undeniable that the Tinguay law, now of six or seven years' standing in France, has not been adopted in England; but the journals complained of would scarcely be less offensive if every article bore a compulsory signature. When prosecution is thought advisable, there is always a responsible publisher, and if anonymous attacks deserve only contempt, so much the better for the victims of newspaper calumny. It is still more difficult to understand why the lucubrations of a part of the English press should "destroy the confidence between the two Governments." The French Cabinet is perfectly aware that the English Government is powerless to restrain the publication of opinion, as long as there is no violation of the law. The charges brought by reckless journalists against native statesmen are at least as violent and calumnious as those of which any foreign Sovereign can complain; but it is felt to be alike impracticable and inexpedient to silence the *Morning Herald* or the *Morning Advertiser* when they are affected with a fit of patriotism which requires the impeachment of Lord Palmerston. If any newspaper conductor thinks fit to flatter unwise readers by protests against French despotism, and suspicions of the good faith of the Western alliance, it is impossible to check the ill-timed utter-

ances of his patriotism. In many cases, the indignant journalist is more or less sincere in his belief; and as long as he confines himself to conjectures and prophecies, it is impossible even for an opponent to prove that he is wrong.

A free press must be free to all. The right of philosophers to communicate their wisdom involves a licence for fools, within certain limits, to publish their folly, and liberty for ordinary mediocrity to indulge in its commonplaces. According to the judgment of Englishmen, the responsibility of journalism ought to rest with the writer and publisher, and not with the Government; and it is not worth while for any foreign Power to remonstrate against a fundamental element of the national constitution. It is not found by experience, in other countries, that restricted publicity tends to elevate the moral or intellectual tone of public writers. Much might be said for a system which should secure exclusive audience to the learned, the wise, and the honest; but the only method of discerning their merits which has yet been discovered is the comparison of what is good with what is worthless. The tares and the wheat must grow together, at least until the harvest.

The free press of England is often imprudent, and a portion of it is habitually silly; but no other country can so justly boast of exemption from the grosser immoralities, the anarchical excitements, and the personal libels which are the worst vices of journalism. Literary patriots may vociferate against despotisms with which they have little concern, but no English newspaper advocates assassination abroad or rebellion at home. Even the weekly *Gracioso* of the press is habitually decent, though dull; and the cheap papers are remarkable for the absence of exciting composition, except in the form of thrilling novels which might be published at Vienna or at Naples. Serious political journalism is often favourably contrasted with the contemporaneous and parallel controversies of diplomacy. The paragraph in the *Moniteur* is only calculated to produce denunciations of the French system more violent than any of the attacks which have given offence; but, nevertheless, the English press will do well to abstain from making a mistake because a foreign Government has committed an error.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.

OF the innumerable journals which are published in Germany, there is only one, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Augsburg, which can be said to be really well known in England. Perhaps, therefore, we may render a welcome service to many of our readers, if we pass in review a considerable number of German papers, pointing out their various characteristics.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, as every one knows, has for a long time held a very high place in the periodical press of Europe; and even now, however much we may deplore the anti-liberal influences under which it has of late years fallen, we cannot deny its great merit. It consists of two parts—the newspaper proper, which contains a digest of correspondence from all parts of the world, and the supplement, which is composed sometimes of reviews of books, sometimes of letters or sketches of travel. The latest news is also added. It is strange that even the best London daily papers, so infinitely superior in most respects to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, have never succeeded in rivalling it in the extent of its correspondence.

We do not propose at present to speak of the press of Berlin; but there is one newspaper published there which has so wide an influence, and expresses the sentiments of a party so powerful in all parts of Germany, that we shall notice it at the outset of our remarks. The *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, better known as the *Kreuz Zeitung*—a name given to it on account of the large black cross which it bears at the top of its first page—is a daily paper, about equal in size to the *Globe* or the *Standard*. Its politics are the result of a fusion of the aristocratic prejudices which were shaken, not broken, by the great social changes which befel the Prussian monarchy in the beginning of this century, and that romantic religionism which soothed the later years of the first Emperor Alexander, and which is now, in many strange forms, influencing the courts of Germany. From time to time, there appears, in connexion with this journal, a supplement, which consists of an elaborate survey of the political events which have occurred since the issue of its predecessor, and which is written with an ability rare in German newspaper literature. To one of these surveys we drew the attention of our readers some months ago. On the leading European question of the moment—the intervention of the Western Powers in Naples—the *Kreuz Zeitung* has pronounced its opinion with an openness, not to say insolence, which is really surprising. The right of intervention, we are told in a recent article, is perfectly clear. It may, nay, ought to be, exercised, in carrying out the provisions of the Holy Alliance and the separate treaties connected with it; but any intervention not grounded upon those treaties, and not directed against the Revolution, is utterly indefensible. The news in the *Kreuz Zeitung* is very well compiled, and it is altogether a publication worthy of defending a better cause. How far its promoters are really honest enthusiasts, it is very difficult to say; but the general suspicion of their countrymen points them out as the agents of a foreign Power. "Do you read the *Kreuz Zeitung*?" said some one to a well-known Prussian savant. "No, I don't understand Russian enough," was the very apt and prompt reply.

The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is published at Leipzig,

every day except Monday. Its motto is, "Truth and right, freedom and law." It is on the same plan as the *Augsburg Gazette*, but contains much less matter. In a recent supplement to it, we find an article extracted from the *Weser Zeitung*, giving an account of the life of Uwe Lornsen, who kindled the flame of discontent in Schleswig Holstein, but died long before the war. It ends thus:—"Thou leader without a host; thou victor without a garland; thy name will never be forgotten in Schleswig Holstein." This is only one of many indications which the German press is at present giving of the deep interest which Germany takes in the relations between Denmark and the Duchies. The party of the movement, and the party of resistance, are represented, in the placid politics of Saxony, by the *Constitutionelle Zeitung* and the *Dresdner Journal*. These rivals are equal in size, and very like each other in their general appearance. The latter has, however, an official part which is wanting in the former. Both have *feuilletons*, and both have many columns of news digested chiefly from other papers. They are evening journals, and appear, the one every day except Sundays—the other every day except Sundays and festivals. The *Constitutionelle Zeitung* is, perhaps, rather the better edited of the two.

The violent reactionists have for their organ at Dresden an idiotic little daily paper, called the *Freimüthige Sachsen-Zeitung*. It takes as its motto the words, "With God for throne and fatherland"—words which sound most innocent to every one who is not acquainted with the political slang of the German absolutists. A recent article, on the "reigning system of political economy," begins thus—"We have already frequently pointed out in this journal that the political revolution, which, directed against the throne and the privileged classes, and aiming now at a republican, now at a parliamentary-constitutional arrangement of the State, has continued to break out, from time to time, in the middle and western countries of Europe, since the end of the last century, and in 1848 visited Germany, which had hitherto been free from open political confusion, was only one part of that demonic revolutionary corporate force which the banishing of all thought of God from the heart of man brings forth." After this hopeful commencement, the essayist maunders on, in a grandmotherly way, through four columns, to show that all our existing systems of political economy are "Mammon-service and blasphemy." As might be expected, this remarkable publication gives great prominence to the criticisms of the *Univers* upon the Neapolitan intelligence of the English press, and to a letter taken from the *Augsburg Gazette*, as to the direful evils which await the Christians in Turkey from recent political changes.

The *Dresdner Nachrichten* is an unpretending little daily paper, with a weekly supplement given gratis to subscribers, and containing novels, tales, and poetry. We observe, in a late number, a notice of a new aquarium introduced into his establishment by a local restaurateur, and an announcement of a course of lectures about to be delivered in Dresden by authority, upon the measures to be taken in fires—a most useful subject for public instruction in a country where arson is so frightfully common a crime as it is in Saxony. We have also a criticism on a play now acting at the Dresden Theatre, called *Narciss*, in which the principal characters are sustained by Madame Bayer-Bürk and the great tragic actor Dawisson, and which appears to possess merit—an account of a recent bear-hunt in Hungary—and some other not uninteresting miscellanies. The *Dresdner Anzeiger und Tageblatt* is a large collection of advertisements, published in connexion with a list of the strangers who have arrived in and departed from Dresden, issued by the police. Here is a hint for the sort of persons who advertise in the second column of the *Times*:—

LEBE WOHL VIOLA!

Holde Blume, deine Pracht
Deckt der Winter zu mit Nacht—
Meinen augen Trost und Glück
Bringe mir der Lenz zurück.

Die Trauer und die Hoffnung.

Some of the advertisements inserted by servants who want places are strange to an English eye—as, for instance, one of a "Solides Mädchen nicht von hier," who wishes a situation as cook or housemaid.

The *Dresdner Volks Zeitung* is a liberal paper, published twice a week, and bearing the motto "Open, free—constant to the truth!" In an article on the intervention of the Western Powers in Naples, we find some very discriminating and sensible remarks on the different interest of England and France in the matter. The writer looks upon all intervention with a jealous eye—a feeling not unnatural in a German liberal; but, as might be expected, he adds, that if there is to be an intervention anywhere, there really ought to be one in Schleswig Holstein! For England he has perhaps no very deep regard, but he does us more justice than the author of a pamphlet lately published in Berlin, whose notion is that England fosters troubles on the Continent, in order that she may repress the development of trade which might otherwise be injurious to her manufacturers. We observe, in several of the Dresden papers of which we have been speaking, accounts of various meetings of German schoolmasters. There has been recently a very numerously attended council in Altenburg, and several less remarkable ones in other places. Many have been the subjects discussed, and the doctors have, as usual, sometimes disagreed. We find notices of debates upon the propriety of approximating the spelling of German to what philology shows it ought to be, and on the extent to which

short-hand should be introduced into schools; and we observe a notice of a lecture, somewhere delivered by a gentleman who believes that the great desideratum in educational reform is an increased emphasis in instilling into the young mind the "Lehre des Teufels!"

The *Illustrirter Dorfbarbier* is a sort of Saxon *Punch*, published weekly in Leipzig,—“a sheet for merry people.” It bears as its sign the portrait of a most good-natured and most beer-drinking “wackrer Deutscher,” enjoying himself over its pages, a little helped by a pipe and the best “Bavarian.” Judging from the specimen before us, its comic power must not be rated too high. We have notes of conversations between the village barber and General Von Pulverrauch, in which the former glances at the topics of the day, making observations about them which have sufficient good sense and some sharpness, but little or no wit. In one there is a long description of the battle of Dresden, not more amusingly written than is customary in the works of the gravest historians—the only excuse for which is, that the day of the supposed conversation is the anniversary of the fight. Some of the caricatures are not bad. Most autumnal travellers in North Germany will understand a picture representing the “preparations for a concert in the Schloss-garten,” in which the attendants are seen driving away the frogs which had taken possession of the chairs. Another represents an Austrian soldier, standing with the air of calm stolidity which is common in the Imperial service, before a building within which a very furious Italian is dashing the furniture to pieces. Under this is written—“Does the man inside shriek because the sentinel stands without, or does the sentinel stand without because the man inside is shrieking?”

The *Ostsee Zeitung* is little more than a carefully-compiled digest of mercantile and political information. It is published at Stettin, and has both a morning and evening edition. In a recent number, there appears a notice of a periodical just started at Frankfort on the Maine, which will interest many persons in this country. It is called the *Arbeitsgeber*, and is intended to be the means of communication between those who have work to be done and those who can do work, throughout Germany. The author of the very well written notice of this publication in the *Ostsee Zeitung*, comes to the conclusion that communication between employers and persons wanting employment will not be very materially facilitated by it, but that many facts, curious and valuable to the political economist and statesman, cannot fail to be brought to light by such a publication.

The *Börsen-halle*, of Hamburg, is similar in character to the journal of which we have last spoken, but is even less interesting to the non-mercantile reader. It appears every week-day evening, and there is a supplement which is published every afternoon. The *Königsberger Hartungsche Zeitung* is a daily paper, containing a considerable amount of news and a little commercial information, but not in any way remarkable or important. Its Russian intelligence is rather copious.

The *Danziger Dampfboot* is a small paper, published every evening, except on Sundays and festivals. It consists of a “general survey” of political events—a few lines being devoted to each country and subject—some paragraphs of local and provincial intelligence, a column of mercantile information, with perhaps half a column of miscellaneous matter. It has been established for a quarter of a century, and is no doubt a useful publication in a town whose citizens have only a limited amount of leisure, which they like to spend rather in society than in reading the newspapers. The *Neuen Wagen der Zeit* also appears at Dantzig. It is published three times a week. It describes itself as a “People’s newspaper for amusement, public life, and provincial interests, in combination with a political journal, and a broadsheet of advertisements.” The number before us justifies this title, and does no more—the news consisting chiefly of extracts from other papers, and the amusement being confined to a ghost-story and a charade.

LONDON IN BARRICADES.

A FRENCH writer once wrote an ingenious book, entitled *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*. We cannot hope to equal the fulness with which he expatiated on so narrow a theme; but if the circuit of the metropolitan traveller is larger than that of the fireside adventurer, its perils are certainly greater. There is just now as much trouble and danger to be vanquished in reaching London Bridge from the Great Western Railway as in doubling Cape Horn. And, thanks to the provident agreement of the various local authorities, there is only a choice of fatalities to the hapless voyager. Escaping the infamous Acroceraunian rocks, he has the pleasant alternative of Syrtis or Symplegades. As everybody knows, there is a choice of routes through London. The Eastern and Western highway is triple. There is first the Great Northern line, long but safe—five miles of good but tedious galloping ground conducts the stranger through the monotony of the New-road and the dinginess of the City-road, to the Bank. Then there is the shorter, but more doubtful route, through Oxford-street and Holborn; while there remains, as an example of great circle sailing, the diversified and more fashionable line by Charing-cross and the Strand. All these lines, as their several representative omnibuses typify, start from Paddington and converge to a common destination at the London-bridge station. We have often observed the timid rustic deeply

pondering over the respective merits of this Trivia. Three ways through London must surely be especially designed to accommodate all tastes, and to prevent the possibility of missing a train. Is it, then, on the principle of equal justice, and to make the transit simply impossible, that with one consent, and at one and the same time, every one of these main lines of metropolitan communication has been simultaneously stopped! Is it in deference to the General Omnibus Company, that not one of its correspondences should have an undue advantage of traffic? Or is it a panic madness of innovation, which, like a sympathetic terror, has seized at once on all the paving-boards of the metropolis? Did the vestries of St. Pancras, St. Martin’s, and Holborn simultaneously combine against the comforts of the whole metropolis? At all event, from whatever cause, at once, and at the same moment, Pentonville-hill, Holborn-hill, and the Strand were, and still are, barricaded. Perhaps it was with an amiable wish to force upon the attention of social reformers the darker abyzases of London that this curious plan was hit upon. Certainly it has answered this purpose. Never was such a revelation of London slummary and mismanagement.

Suppose a traveller tries the Northern line. In climbing the difficult slope of Pentonville, he is suddenly wheeled due north, and is introduced into a whole labyrinth of shabby gentility and of respectability in all its most seedy aspects, crouching and skulking in certain curious but squalid tenements lying between Clerkenwell and Islington. The sight is melancholy; but as the hill is mended by instalments, not above ten minutes is lost in the straits of Rodney-street.

The Middle Passage, however, does credit to its name. Here is horror and certain loss of train in the direst form. The stoppage of Holborn-hill is a thing to be remembered. From the brow of the eminence a street winds northward—Hatton-garden—fuller of historical than of pictorial associations. We are hurried up two-thirds of this street in tolerable safety; but then commences the real excitement of the thing. Field-lane, Saffron-hill, Castle-street, the unfinished and unfinished Victoria-street, Peter-street—famous for the burial-ground made infamous in *Bleak House*—and Cow-cross, are at once revealed to the startled gaze. But the moral spectacle is only equalled by its physical and appropriate accompaniments. Here—especially in the valley of the Fleet—is not even the shadow of a carriage-way. There has been no attempt to pave these streets since the days of the Romans. In the very heart of London, the passage from Hatton-garden across the Victoria-street embankment remains in the primitive state of a turnip-field. The soft, unbroken, but not very virgin soil, imbeds the omnibuses nearly to the axle of the wheels. Never, except in a gale in the Channel, is witnessed such a succession of casualties. Here lies a mighty omnibus completely foundered, discharging both its passengers and its horses—the said passengers discharging curses both loud and deep. There are two hapless cabs disabled; while in the distance the lighter Hansoms scud northward for safety and the City-road. Up the fragrant and breezy ascent of Cow-cross, and into Smith-field—for those at least who have succeeded in surmounting the terrors of Fleet-ditch—a queue of vehicles forms, which only permits, when it moves at all, a foot’s pace. More than half-an-hour is spent between Holborn-hill and Newgate-street.

If we try the great Southern passage, another form of disgust awaits us. The Strand is blocked up, and for the first time in their lives decent people are made acquainted with the inmost recesses of what Sydney Smith used to call the horticultural parish of Covent-garden. Chandos-street is respectable, if for no other reason—and perhaps for no other—than that it enshrines our respectable printers, and ushers into the world the *Saturday Review*. But what can be said of Brydges-street, and what of Drury-lane and Exeter-street? The moral unsavouriness of this route quite equals the material dangers of the rival lines.

Now, why is all this? What right had the Holborn-hill people simply to barricade that ill-omened slope, careless or ignorant whether any other channel was left open for the whole stream of London business? Was it not their duty to know that, at the very moment they were ripping up their pavement, both the Strand southward, and Pentonville-hill northward, were similarly stopped up? And before they barricaded Holborn, was it not their business to see that the Victoria-street passages were at least paved? We should say that hundreds of pounds will not pay for the springs broken, the carriages dismounted, and the horses ruined, in attempting the transit of Saffron-hill.

We have over and over again pointed out the utter failure of the Metropolis Management Act. If it was good for anything, it was that it promised to control local vagaries. It was to compel uniformity. It was to supersede the unchastened licence of parochial stupidity. Of course, accident might fire the independent energies of three separate parishes, even without collusion, to stop their roads at once; but a centralized authority never could have permitted such a blunder. And yet the great Thwaites Board has either authorized this enormous inconvenience, or is powerless to prevent it. What is the use of a centralized authority, if not to prevent such a muddle of mismanagement as this? If it be said that its functions are not to see how, when, and why, the leading thoroughfares of London are stopped, we can only reply that one of the most important duties of metropolitan government is not imposed upon the general

managing body of the metropolis. If the Board neither knows nor cares that the Strand, Holborn, and the City-road, are all stopped at once, the more complete is the proof of the utter uselessness of the great Tom Foolery which meets once a week to talk nonsense, and to settle—or rather, not to settle—its own squabbles and intrigues. For, of all matters connected with municipal safety, none can be more important than this stoppage of thoroughfares. As it is, every great street is at the mercy of independent hordes of invaders. No sooner is a way constructed, more solid than the Appian, and which displays as good engineering as that over Mount Cenis, than its granite symmetry is broken up by the Sewers Commissioners. The street is at length repaved, and in six months the Heruli of the Gas Company succeed the Huns of the Sewers, to be followed by the Goths of the Water Company—after which the hapless highway is delivered over to the Electric Telegraph Company, while in the distance loom the threatening hordes of the Great Metropolitan Subterranean Railway. Has “the oldest inhabitant” ever remembered Fleet-street clear for any consecutive twelve months? Sure we are that London will never be properly looked after till the absurd fiction of local management is got rid of. Thanks to Mr. Thwaites and his parliament, here at least, like Mr. Tennyson, we await with longing the coming Dictator. We shall, probably, never be free from the losses in money—and in time, which is more than money—to say nothing of personal safety and comfort to which such a concurrence as the simultaneous stoppage of these great lines of communication gives rise, until we have some person or body whom the public can hold responsible for such inconveniences as those on which we have now commented.

THE DRAMATIST.

THE audiences at the Haymarket are just now undergoing a course of the farce-comedies of half a century ago; and, to judge by the good humour with which *Wild Oats* and the *Dramatist* have been received, the experiment seems to be successful. Could Reynolds and O’Keefe witness these performances, they would doubtless be shocked at the decadence of the stage; but they would exult in the toleration still extended by the public to a class of productions in which it is impossible to detect a single element of permanence. The comedies of that school are composed of the most volatile materials, and their entire essence evaporates in the representation. They abound in eccentric, ingenious, and whimsical “situations,” which, when acted in a riot of animal spirits, extinguish reflection in roars of laughter; and the dialogue is so admirably suited to the ephemeral design, by being intensely trivial, that the most attentive listener cannot carry away a trace of it in his memory. Their very excellences—and excellences of a certain kind they unquestionably possess—are perishable; but this was exactly the end for which they were called into existence. They were written to be acted, not to be read or criticised; and the best proof of the skill with which they are constructed, keeping that end in view, is to be found in the fact that it would be as difficult to see one of them without laughter as to recal afterwards the reason why you laughed. They were intended to give the triumph to the player, not to the playwright, who was altogether a subordinate person. When Reynolds flourished, the age was great in comedians. To fit the peculiarities of Lewis, Munden, Fawcett, Emery, and Bannister, not to depict life or manners, was the express purpose with which he wrote. He did not go into the world for traits of character, but into the green-room for artistic personalities. The more opportunities he threw open for the display of the familiar humours of the performers, the greater his chances of success. In fact, he depended wholly upon his actors. “The loss of Lewis, whose gaiety of limb is of so much benefit to modern comedy,” says an intelligent critic of that day, “would be a perfect rheumatism to Mr. Reynolds; and the loss of Munden, who gives it such an agreeable vivacity of grin, would affect him little less than a lock-jaw.”

Comedies written on this principle cannot be revived with any reasonable hope of a renewed life. They are presented to us under considerable disadvantages. The modern actor cannot fill up with adequate effect the sketch that was intended for the specialities of another; while the jokes and sentiments which once convulsed and delighted crowded houses, are now either obsolete or unintelligible. The *Dramatist* is a remarkable example of this. The play itself represents a condition of society with which the audiences of the present day have nothing in common, and which they can hardly comprehend as having ever had a prototype in real life; and the characters are almost as fantastical as Puck or Ariel. Vapid, the hero of the piece, is a dramatic author—a character which Reynolds is said to have drawn from himself. His perpetual motion is the soul of the plot. He is a man of one pursuit—utterly absorbed in authorship, and picking up incidents and noting down effects wherever he goes. He clearly lives in an ideal world, “where all the men and women are merely players;” and he is so complete an abstraction that when the author, for his own purposes, makes Vapid fall in love, or rather throws him into a situation where he is supposed to do so, we feel at once that the unity of the conception is destroyed. An old lady enters into a league against the happiness of a young one, with no more apparent reason than to advance the business of the play—a stage-struck young lady from the country throws herself for life into the arms of a gen-

tleman at first sight—and a man of fashion represents the abstract idea of *ennui*, after which he is called, and goes about yawning, without, in any sensible manner, advancing or retarding the progress of events. These outlines, which have no reality for us, must have derived from the actors the charm which they possessed for our grandfathers. The *Ennui* of Mr. Buckstone, for instance, appears to us the sacrifice of a popular actor to a sheer piece of dreary stupidity; yet Munden is said to have achieved a triumph of comicality in this part. He accomplished it entirely by grimace. But he had an audience that relished grimace, and he was a consummate master of all modes of facial humour.

The structure of the *Dramatist* shows how much of the success of these pieces must be referred to the contrivances by which “points” and “stage effects” were created and worked out. Although there is hardly any story, or barely enough to carry on the movement of the scenes, the author has managed to produce a succession of striking “situations,” which, in the hands of the actors for whom they were designed, we can easily conceive to have been highly effective. To us it is some drawback from the merit of these adroit contrivances that they are obtained at the cost of probability; but probability was not an essential condition in comedies of that period. Thus, in the *Dramatist*, people come in and go out just when they happen to be wanted by the exigencies of the plan. We find them in houses where they have no right to be, and appearing in places where they have no occasion to be, and always ready, with or without an excuse, to say anything, or do anything, that may lead up effectively to the premeditated *coup*. A modern audience sees quickly through the artifice, which the spirited acting of a former age might have helped to conceal.

The dialogue is rarely brightened by that rapidity of repartee which we sometimes find in the contemporary productions of the younger Colman. The smartest things in the play are spoken by Marianne, a young country miss recently launched in society, and giving vent freely to her feelings and opinions. The character was excellently played by Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, who is more at home in the broad and hoydenish rôle, than in such parts as Oriana. Few passages told upon the audience more decisively than the piquancy with which she declared that her aunt had ruined her to prevent any one else from doing so, and the malicious pleasantry with which she admonished the old lady, who has just been discovered alone with Mr. Vapid, that she relied too much on her time of life. “You think, because you’re a little the worse for the wear, that you may trust yourself anywhere, but you’re mistaken—you’re not near so bad as you imagine!” The travelled fop of Mr. W. Farren also deserves commendation. It was very cleverly rendered; but the drunken scene was a little in excess. Had the gentleman’s limbs failed him so egregiously, he would never have been equal to the heroic action that follows.

Mr. Chippendale sustains the dry and foolish old peer with as much comic gusto as can be expected from so weak a part. There is no lack of the usual intemperance in the way of swearing and blustering; but as the provocations never come up to the height of the passion, these vulgar expedients fall flat. It might be worth the consideration of the Haymarket management, whether these comedies, if they are to be continued, should not be weeded of their superfluous oaths. The fashion has long gone out; and it is now, not to put the question on higher grounds, an ineffective outrage upon good breeding. Of Mr. Murdoch’s Vapid, it is enough to say that it is the mainstay of the revival. The actor enters thoroughly into the incessant flutter of the character, never loses sight of its one constant inspiring idea, and maintains unabated that flow of vivacity which constitutes its principal claim upon the sympathy of the audience. We presume the costume of the comedy is a stage tradition, although it does not agree with the pictures and engravings that have come down to us. But from whatever source it has been drawn, it is manifestly absurd. In Mr. Reynolds’s time gentlemen did not walk about the streets of Bath in silk stockings and embroidered satin waistcoats, and swords were worn only at court. It would be quite as correct to dress the characters in the wigs of the Restoration.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ANY one who is in the habit of forming his estimate of current French literature from the shoals of so-called light publications—most of them reprints—which float upon the surface of the sea of letters, will be surprised, if he dives beneath, to find how numerous and how precious are the pearls which have escaped his too hasty observation. To treasures such as these, we have uniformly endeavoured to allot a fitting place in our *résumés*; but on the present occasion our casket is unusually full, and the contents are of more than ordinary value. We have first to name a new publication by that most eminent of French scholars, whether we regard him as an Aristotelian or a Sanscritist, M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire.* It forms a vast stride towards the comple-

* *Morals d’Aristote*, traduites par J. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire. 3 vols. Paris: Durand. 1856.

tion of the arduous undertaking, to which this illustrious thinker and Hellenist has, we believe, addressed himself—the translation of the entire works of Aristotle. Already the Politics, the Logic, and the Psychology of the Prince of Philosophers, have been given to the public in a most graceful French dress. And now to these is added, in the three volumes before us, all that belongs to the ethical branch of his writings—namely, the Nicomachean, the Eudemean, and the so-called Great Ethics, together with the small treatise, confessedly apocryphal, on Virtues and Vices. Notes, which have the rare merit of being excellent in kind, without being oppressive in number, accompany the translation. Considerations of bulk have probably deterred M. St. Hilaire from annexing the Greek text. The greater part (upwards of 300 pages) of the first volume is occupied with a “*Préface*” and a “*Dissertation Préliminaire*.” The former is devoted to an inquiry into the objects and principles of “moral science” generally, the problems which it undertakes to solve, and the limits within which its range of vision is confined. This inquiry is succeeded by a masterly historical sketch of the methods which have been employed for the solution of such problems by the greatest representatives of Ethical teaching,—Plato, Aristotle, the Stoics, and Kant. The *Dissertation Préliminaire* contains an elaborate discussion on the authorship, the mutual relations, and the arrangement of the three treatises on Ethics already enumerated. It may be interesting to our readers to know the conclusions at which M. St. Hilaire arrives. He holds that the three books common to the Nicomachean and Eudemean Ethics belong legitimately to the former, which he considers not only as “un des plus précieux ouvrages d’Aristote,” but also as “un des plus réguliers, et dans certaines parties un des plus achevés.” He rejects as unsatisfactory all the hypotheses which have been set on foot as to the actual author of the Eudemean Ethics, believing both them and the Great Ethics to be nothing more than “des rédactions d’élèves de mérite inégal. Par conséquent les trois ouvrages qui appartiennent soit au maître soit à l’élève, sont à peu près inséparables.” We cannot refrain from expressing our warmest admiration of the spirit in which the cause of moral science is advocated by this eminent writer. The unwavering impartiality with which he criticizes his favourite Aristotle, whenever he believes him to have erred—the manly tone in which he asserts the great and eternal principles of Truth, Liberty, and Justice, however unpalatable they may be deemed by many of his countrymen—and the dejection which seems to come over him as he contemplates the existing state of morality in France, public and private, powerfully enlist the sympathies of his readers, and make the work, apart from the erudition it displays, one of the most interesting publications which have issued from the French press for some years.

Before taking leave of Aristotle, we ought to call attention to a translation (accompanied in this case by the text) of Rhetoric.* The comparison which Cicero has instituted between Aristotle and other Rhetoricians, to the advantage of the former, has stood the test of time, and has been corroborated by all persons competent to form an opinion on the subject. The difference between them, he says, seems to be, that Aristotle brought to the art of speech, which he held somewhat cheaply, the same piercing gaze which gave him an insight into the essence of every subject. They, on the contrary, who deemed that the study of Rhetoric was all in all, shut themselves up in that one pursuit, with less sagacity than Aristotle, but, in their particular line, with greater practical knowledge and perseverance. What, indeed, can be more sagacious than those subtle analyses contained in the Rhetoric of the characteristics peculiar to different periods of life and different social grades? What more sound and philosophical than the remarks, in the third book, on Style? The examples and anecdotes adduced in illustration give a life and vigour to the work which render it not merely instructive, but pleasant reading. That “*eloquendi suavitatis*” and “*inventionum acumen*,” ascribed by Quintilian to Aristotle, are brought out with considerable force in several passages of the Rhetoric. M. Bonafous’ translation is the seventh which has appeared in France, and so far as we have examined it, it appears a very creditable performance. The text is in the main Bekker’s (Berlin, 1842). The notes, which only occupy sixty pages, or about a seventh of the volume, illustrate the work more from a literary and historical than from a philological and critical point of view. A good edition of the Rhetoric is a great desideratum, which we trust that one of our English scholars may ere long supply.

No one who is at all familiar with the French literature in the seventeenth century will hesitate to acknowledge the great service which M. Jannet has rendered by incorporating in the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne, a reprint of what had become a very scarce work of that period—the *Dictionnaire des Précieuses*,† by the Sieur de Somaize. The vast influence exercised on the language and literature of France by the Hôtel de Rambouillet—by the *véritables Précieuses*, or *Précieuses* who were not *ridicules*—is one of the most interesting fields of inquiry to which a student of the *Grand Siècle* could address himself. It may be doubted whether men have not been so dazzled by the brilliancy of

Molière’s wit and satire as to lose sight of the distinction on which he emphatically insists, and so confound what was wholesome and sound in that institution (for such it might almost be called) with the absurdities into which it was ultimately betrayed, and with which it became identified. The conversation of the salon, it must be remembered, has played a part in the development of French literature to which no other country of modern Europe can furnish a parallel. It were much to be desired that M. St. Marc Girardin would carry out the investigation of this subject, and present us with a complete picture of the rise and decline of the *Précieuses*, taking especial care to note the permanent traces which they have left on the classical monuments of French literature. To the accomplishment of such a task, the *Dictionnaire des Précieuses* is an indispensable aid. Little is known, and we admit we do not desiderate more, of the private history of the Sieur de Somaize. Suffice it to say, that the object of the work is to give a series of sketches of all the persons of both sexes who frequented the *réunions* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and other *foci* round which the *Précieuses* gathered. The names, in alphabetical order, under which they figure, are masked under fanciful pseudonyms. But to those pseudonyms, nearly 600 in number, the ingenuity and industry of the editor, M. Ch. Livet, has, in the majority of cases, furnished a key. Nothing is more curious than to find ourselves making our way into the salons and *ruelles* of Paris, listening to the conversation of their inmates, seeing the books which lie open on their table, and, in short, mixing in the most polished society of the French capital, at the most brilliant period of French history.

We may here mention another publication of the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne, which is full of interest to the student of French literature. We allude to the collection of the *Ancien Théâtre Français*, edited by M. Violet Le Duc.* The works of the great dramatists of France are known to all; but it may be questioned whether they can be known aright, unless attention be paid to their humbler predecessors. It is of no little importance to trace the small beginnings from which the French drama was gradually overshone by the lustre of the *Grand Siècle*. The period anterior to Corneille may be divided into two distinct portions—the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. To the former are devoted the three first volumes of this *recueil*, which contain a reprint of a collection of sixty-four pieces (*Farces, Moralités, Sottises, Sermons Joyeux, and Mystères*), which came into the possession of the British Museum in 1845, and which were originally printed at Paris, Rouen, and Lyons, about the middle of the sixteenth century. The fourth volume opens with the Renaissance, and the extant remains of Jodelle. He it was who, in France, first threw into discredit the crude devices and clumsy machinery of the *Mystères*, by something more than a mere translation of the drama of classical antiquity. His originality enabled him to dispense with everything but the forms of the Greek and Roman era; but in selecting these, he launched the drama of France in a course from which the author of the *Cid* himself was unable to divert it. The fifth, sixth, and part of the seventh volume contain the nine plays which Larivey has bequeathed to posterity. Well versed in classical, and especially in Italian literature, he made it his object to introduce on the French stage the plots, scenes, and manners of Italian comedy. The undoubted influence which this writer exercised on the subsequent development of French comedy fully justifies the editor in publishing the entire collection of Larivey’s works. The remainder of the seventh and the whole of the eighth volumes are taken up with plays—some of them little known and extremely rare—by Tournabu, François d’Amboise, Jean Godard, Jean de Schelandre, Veronneau, Troterel, and Diseret. As may be imagined, they present very curious details of the times to which they belong—witness a passage in the *Alizon* of Diseret (viii. p. 403), which contains a list of the books which at that period filled the pack of a *colporteur*. Two more volumes yet remain to be published. The last will contain a glossary. Meanwhile, we must remark that M. Violet Le Duc has discharged his editorial labours with no particular diligence. Of *éclaircissements* he is parsimonious to a fault; and in the metrical arrangement of some passages in the three first volumes, his servile acquiescence in the text of the British Museum has betrayed him into blunders which are palpable even to a foreigner.

One of the greatest benefits conferred by the French Institute on the advancement of learning consists in the really standard works, full of research and erudition, which are elicited from time to time by competition for the prizes which the Institute awards. In history, in philosophy moral and metaphysical, in political economy and jurisprudence, some of the works which evince the greatest promise of longevity—that crucial test of literary excellence—have probably been indebted for their very conception to the suggestions of the various Academies, and for their execution to the healthy stimulus of that honourable distinction which success confers. We are forcibly reminded of this by the recent publication† of an

* *La Rhétorique d’Aristote*. Traduite en Français, avec le texte en regard, et suivi de notes, par Norbert Bonafous, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres d’Aix. 1 vol. Paris: Durand. 1856. pp. 463.

† *Le Dictionnaire des Précieuses*. Par le Sieur de Somaize. Nouvelle édition, augmentée de divers opuscules du même auteur et d’une clef historique, par M. Ch. L. Livet. 2 vols. Paris: Jannet, 1856. (Bibl. Elzévirienne).

* *Ancien Théâtre Français, ou Collection des Œuvres Dramatiques les plus remarquables depuis les Mystères jusqu’à Corneille*. Publié avec des Notes et Éclaircissements. Paris: Jannet. 1856. Vol. i.—viii.

† *Histoire des Théories et des Idées Morales dans l’Antiquité*. Par J. Denis, ancien Elève de l’École Normale. Ouvrage couronné par l’Institut. 2 vols. Paris: Durand. 1856.

Histoire des Théories et des Idées Morales dans l'Antiquité, which has grown up out of a *Memoir couronné* by the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* in 1853. The writer's object is to follow out the successive development of that moral culture which constitutes the nobler element of civilization—to see from what point it started, among what people it was cradled, what share the Greeks and the Romans severally had in the great work of educating humanity, and what remained of that work when the Empire crumbled away beneath the shock of Alaric and Attila. To say that in the accomplishment of his task M. Denis shows extensive reading and sound discrimination, would be but a feeble appreciation of his work. The genial spirit and lofty tone in which he conceives and sets forth the influence of the Hellenic world upon the moral culture of mankind, and the generous sympathy which he everywhere displays for the good and the true, give these volumes an interest and a value which no amount of erudition could supply. A German would probably have brought to the handling of such a theme greater accuracy and fullness of detail; but a French writer, though less voluminous, is commonly more luminous than his Teutonic neighbour, and though less eager to exhaust a subject, is more anxious not to exhaust his readers. With this last charge M. Denis is in no danger of being taxed.

To go back to a yet earlier period in the history of humanity than that with which M. Denis has to do, we may allude to a very useful and popular Essay on Indian Literature and the Study of Sanscrit, by M. Sompé.* The growing attention which has been paid of late years to such subjects, led the author to think it "opportun de mesurer le terrain déjà parcouru dans des études si récentes et pourtant si fécondes, de dresser comme l'inventaire des efforts tentés et des résultats obtenus, et de montrer par une esquisse d'histoire littéraire, appuyée sur de nombreuses notes bibliographiques, le passé, le présent, et aussi l'avenir d'une des principales branches de l'Orientalisme." It is in the bibliographical notes that the chief value of this little book consists. They refer the reader to sources where all manner of information can be obtained respecting the Brahminic language and literature. The author vehemently insists upon the necessity of a vast extension of the study of Sanscrit. He even ventures to augur that a kind of *renaissance* might ensue from increased familiarity with the ideas and literature of this branch of Orientalism.

In a duodecimo volume† of little more than 400 pages, M. Coindet has succeeded in compressing an exceedingly able history of the Italian schools of painting, full of original ideas and of interesting details. We are particularly struck with the chapter on Leonardo da Vinci, and the remarks therein contained on the typical portrait of our Saviour, though sufficient care is not taken to distinguish between the eastern and western types respectively. Great sagacity is shown in pointing out the secret cause of the decline of art and letters in Italy. To the influence of Charles V. and Philip II. are traced those benumbing effects which did not, indeed, fully manifest themselves till the third and fourth generation, but which nevertheless afford the true explanations of the intellectual torpor which completed the moral degradation of Italy. We are glad to meet with an eloquent protest, in the chapter on Tintoretto, against that notion so prevalent in the modern French school, that a masterly handling of colour is sufficient to cover a multitude of faults. "Certes l'école qui prend Delacroix pour chef, n'a pas un peintre qui puisse être égalé au Tintoret, et rien n'est plus loin de ma pensée que d'établir ici aucune comparaison; mais le système est le même: les négligences et les grands coups de brosse sont présentés comme des traits de génie: les fautes de dessin, comme le noble affranchissement de l'art. On vante le coloris: qui dit grand coloriste, dit un homme qui peut se passer de toutes les fautes." We may refer the reader to some exceedingly shrewd remarks in the concluding page of the volume, where the author endeavours to explain the kind of retrograde movement and decline which ordinarily follow the appearance of some artist of transcendent genius. On the whole, this is one of the best manuals of Italian art with which we are acquainted.

It is related in the *Menagiana* that some monk entered a Hebrew book at the end of the catalogue of a library, under the following designation, "Plus un livre, dont le commencement est à la fin." We should be inclined to place in the same category M. Libert's History of Chivalry in France.‡ We mean that the reader would derive far greater benefit from its perusal if he would begin with *la conclusion*. Nothing can be more sound or philosophical than the general estimate which the writer there gives of chivalry as an institution of mediæval Europe; and it is with this kind of general idea that the reader needs to be armed before he accompanies the author through the history of the various phases which chivalry assumed. The book is divided into four parts. The first treats of the religious epoch of chivalry, the crusades, &c. The second describes the rites, usages, and education of chivalry in its golden days. The third part contemplates the knight as he put lance in tilt, no longer in defence of a religious principle, but in furtherance of schemes for the political aggrandizement either of his caste or of

his country. A series of dreadful disasters, such as those of Courtray and Crecy, Poitiers and Azincourt, ushered in the downfall of chivalry. The consummation of its ruin is set forth in the concluding part, which contains some excellent remarks on the caustic criticisms to which chivalry was subjected at the hands of Ariosto, Cervantes, and Rabelais. We know not whether this is M. Libert's first production—we can only hope it may not be his last.

We have already insisted on the peculiar merit of those sketches in which M. Houssaye is so great a master. Nowhere, however, are those merits so conspicuous as in the *Portraits du Dix-huitième Siècle*.* All who were most famous, and some who were not a little infamous, among the poets, philosophers, artists, musicians, princes, and playwrights, of the eighteenth century are here brought before our notice with admirable vigour and freshness. The volume opens with Dufresny—"la préface enjouée du dix-huitième Siècle." Highly amusing is the account of his quarrel with Regnard, who filched from Dufresny the idea, and something more, of his famous play, the *Joueur*. Next comes Fontenelle. We should here complain of the unjust severity of M. Houssaye, were it not that in a kind of postscript he disarms our wrath by a frank admission. In the notice on Diderot—one of the best in the first volume—M. Houssaye relates a curious anecdote which he had often heard his grandfather tell, on the authority of Condorcet. A party of *philosophes*, who were supping with Helvetius, raised the great question of questions, "What is the soul?" After each of the company had delivered himself of his opinion or his jest, Helvetius ordered silence, and desired that a lighted coal should be brought to him. Holding it in the tongs he approached a candle, and lighted it by blowing on the coal. "Take away this god; I have got the soul, or the life of the first man. The fire I have made use of is to be found everywhere, in wood, stone, and air. The soul is fire, and fire is life." He then lighted a second candle at the first. "You see," he added, "that my first man has transmitted life without the existence of a God." "You forget," rejoined Diderot, "that you have been demonstrating the very thing you wanted to disprove; I quite admit that there is fire on earth, but still it needed some one to light it. I imagine that the coal did not ignite of itself." The retort is not one we should have expected to find on the lips of Diderot. The work is filled with anecdotes equally curious and amusing. The great desideratum in this *Galerie de Portraits* is some chain of connected ideas, wherewith to guide us through the labyrinth—some general views of the eighteenth century, as a whole, which might serve as a standing point from which to examine its details.

Like M. Houssaye, M. Gabriel Ferry is also an old acquaintance. To the *Coureur des Bois* and the *Scènes de la Vie Mexicaine*, we may now add *Costal l'Indien*,† a series of adventures of which the scene is laid in the Mexican war of independence. It has a great advantage over the *Coureur des Bois* in being only half the bulk. The best of tales becomes wearisome when spun out to a length inconsistent with the floating capital, so to speak, of the story. Both from the theatre and the character of his incidents, M. Ferry might be called the Cooper of France—inferior, indeed, to the author of the *Last of the Mohicans*, but vastly superior to the author of the *Pioneers*. One curious feature of his works is the great art with which truth and naturalness of mere style are made to mask the highest improbabilities in the incidents themselves. It is with the greatest satisfaction that we note the absence, scarcely less singular, of any of those impurities, open or implied, which so often defile the pages of French fiction.

The schism which has taken place in the Church of France, by the separation of the Montalembert section of Catholicism from the writers in the *Univers*, has given rise to a letter from the Abbé Michon‡ (the author of the brochure on *La Papauté à Jérusalem*, to which this journal called attention some time back), addressed to M. de Montalembert. It will be read with interest by those who watch the successive phases of those religious bickerings which are now agitating the mind of France, and serving as a vent for the escape of passions to which the political stupor of the country affords no room for legitimate exercise. The drift of the writer is to remind M. de Montalembert that all the gentlemanlike suavity which uniformly marks the productions of the writers in the *Correspondant*, who look up to him as their Coryphæus, is thrown away upon such a person as M. Louis Veuillot, the editor of the *Univers*, and his blustering staff. He further complains that there is nothing definite or tangible in the theories and opinions espoused by the Montalembert section—that men who cling to a timorous *justo-milieu* are ill fitted to allay the disquietudes of the present, to shape the promise of the future, or to secure the sympathies of waverers. A violent rupture has undoubtedly taken place among the Ultramontanists of France. It behoves the separatists, with Montalembert at their head, boldly to justify the step they have taken by steps bolder still, and to vindicate the principles to which they have felt themselves compelled to sacrifice union and harmony. It is not at such a crisis as the present, M. Michon contends, that men are warranted in covering their opinions with

* *Essai critique sur la Littérature Indienne et les Études Sanscrites, avec des Notes bibliographiques*. Par A. Philibert Sompé. Paris: Durand. 1856.

† *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*. Par J. Coindet, ancien Président de la Classe des Beaux Arts de Genève. Paris: Renouard. 1856.

‡ *Histoire de la Chevalerie en France*. Par J. Libert. Paris: Hachette. 1856.

* *Galerie de Portraits du Dix-huitième Siècle*. Par A. Houssaye. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette.

† *Costal l'Indien; Scènes de la Guerre de l'Indépendance du Mexique*. Par Gabriel Ferry. Hachette. 1856.

‡ *De la Scission du Parti Catholique*. Lettre à M. le Comte de Montalembert, par l'Abbé J. H. Michon. Paris: Dentu. 1856.

neutral tints, and in halting half way, as if ashamed to go back, and afraid to go forward. He concludes by urging M. de Montalembert to found, if not in opposition, yet in *opposition* to the *Univers*, "une feuille à doctrines élevées, tout imprégnée de l'esprit du grand Maître, toute parfumée des larges pensées de l'Evangile, comme un contraste et une preuve vivante que la vérité ne peut être où sont l'intolérance et le fiel, et qu'elle doit se trouver avec ceux qui aiment, qui supportent, et qui espèrent." On the whole, the letter is well worth reading. Unfortunately, however, the Abbé Michon is a man of small influence among the French clergy.

M. Nourrisson has just published a short account of the Life, Times, and Writings of the Cardinal de Bérulle,* who figured in the early part of the seventeenth century. His claims to fame are founded partly on the fact of his having introduced the two orders of Carmelites and Oratorians into France, and partly on sundry political negotiations of great intricacy, which he carried to a successful issue in spite of the hostility of Richelieu, which ultimately threw him into disgrace. We suspect that it is chiefly in the former capacity that M. Nourrisson is desirous of magnifying the reputation of his hero. We apprehend that the whole design of this book is, in reality, to set forth the value of religious orders, and to commend them to the favour of the public. This is a point on which we are diametrically opposed to him. If there is one thing more than another which we consider fraught with mischief to the religious prospects of France, it is that revival of the regular clergy which M. Nourrisson hails as singularly opportune. It is in the ever-increasing mutual estrangement of the Church and the Nation—by which we mean what in French would be called *la société*—that the cause of religion is exposed to the greatest dangers; and this estrangement the extension of monastic orders is beyond all things calculated to increase. The evils of the Papal Supremacy—creating, as it does, a kind of *imperium in imperio*, and weaning from their fatherland the sympathies and allegiance of those who minister at the altar—are already sufficiently disastrous, without adding to their number by the institution of bodies of men whose avowed principle it is to be in the nation, without being of it.

We must not forget to state, in conclusion, that Lamartine's new *Entretiens* continue the *aperçu sur la prétendue décadence de la littérature Française*, and are full of the most interesting matter from beginning to end. The *souvenirs* of such a man as Lamartine, mixing as he did, in other days, with the choicest spirits of the age, cannot but possess a high value for all classes of readers.

STOTHERT'S AND ELTON'S POEMS.*

THE desire of expressing feelings in verse is so general that it may be recognised as a natural and wholesome inclination. The old saying, that mediocrity is not allowed to poets, may be true when applied to professed authors; but there seems in poetry, as in other arts, to be room enough for the taste and skill of amateurs. The use of the piano is not restricted to consummate musicians, nor have great painters a monopoly of figures and landscapes. A love for art necessarily produces attempts at imitation, and even in the absence of a creative faculty, practice quickens the apprehension of the difficulties and beauties of composition. An additional reason for attempting poetic expression is furnished by the conventional license by which personal utterances of sentiment which would be absurd in prose are admissible, and even graceful, in verse. No wise man will make metrical composition the business of his life, unless he is one of the two or three men of genius who, in the course of an age, are set apart by nature as poets; but proflusions and recreations in verse may well become a liberal mind, and when they are polished, ingenious, and limited in bulk, they may be not unacceptable to intelligent readers.

The two little volumes now before us, similar to each other in many respects, both possess the great merit of brevity. They are evidently written by scholars, gentlemen, and men of refined feeling, who have something to do besides writing verses. In common with all collections of the same kind published within the last quarter of a century, they belong, in the main, to the school of Wordsworth, although one or two of the *Poems of Past Years* bear traces of Cowper or of Crabbe. The transient popularity of Byron has left no impression in contemporary literature. The imitators of his style have long since perished, and he left no disciples. Wordsworth, however, was conscious that he had opened a vein of thought which would be explored by a long succession of followers. He wrote, as he said himself—

For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And with still fonder feeling for the sake
Of youthful poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

The poets of the present day, properly so called, may be independent of the influence of their great predecessor; but hundreds of volumes are filled with the verses of thoughtful and accom-

plished writers who have, consciously or unconsciously, derived their inspiration from Wordsworth.

It is characteristic of the school to abstain from all external or professional specialities. The poetry of reflection and study may derive its colouring from individual disposition; but it deals, not with the everyday occupations of life, but with the thoughts of solitude, with personal meditation, or with casual observation. Mr. Stothert, the author of the *Astronomical Sonnets*, is a Roman Catholic Priest, zealous perhaps for the rights of his order, and, we doubt not, diligent and punctual in the discharge of his professional duties. Sir Arthur Elton is a country gentleman, lately a Liberal candidate for his county, and well known as a writer on various questions of social politics. Yet it would be impossible to distinguish from internal evidence between the amiable ecclesiastic and the enlightened baronet. Mr. Stothert never deviates into a sectarian phrase, but confines himself, with a laudable and deliberate reserve, to those portions of his experience which he shares with laymen, whether orthodox or schismatical. Two of his sonnets are addressed to the Virgin Mary, under her pretty and fanciful titles of Morning and of Evening Star; but there is not a word in either composition which might not be repeated by any reasonable Protestant. Wordsworth's sonnet to the same personage is more distinct, more laudatory, and less indefinite. Another sonnet is, with singular liberality, devoted to the praises of Bishop Butler; and in a note the *Analogy* is described, in somewhat exaggerated terms, as the most philosophical treatise in the English language.

It is hardly necessary to say that astronomical sonnets are founded on an erroneous theory of poetry. Illustrative quotations from Mrs. Somerville, Sir John Herschel, and Dr. Whewell, are suggestive to the understanding rather than to the imagination. The feeling of wonder which may attend the commencement of scientific study is but a transient delusion, for the mind which is accustomed to reflect on physical laws recognises at once as necessary whatever it finds to be true. Even the un-instructed intellect ought to be aware that an astronomical or chemical novelty cannot be inconsistent with any reasonable presumption. "Who," said an unscientific philosopher, on hearing of a supposed paradox in physics, "who in the world ever imagined that the fluid did not expand or contract as you describe?" The only legitimate wonder applies to the sagacity of those who discover planets and investigate material laws. One of the most unsuccessful of Mr. Stothert's sonnets is devoted to the supposed connexion between gravitation, electricity, and magnetism. If such a law is hereafter demonstrated, it will necessarily appear self-evident; and its rapid or simultaneous operation will be equally obvious, although compared by the poet, in a singularly intricate couplet, to the motions of the mind:—

Its pulses through the universe of space
Our instantaneous thought surpassing in their race.

Aio te Eacida! Which is the nominative, or the winner, and which the defeated accusative?

Many of the sonnets, notwithstanding their impracticable subject, possess considerable poetical merit. We can only quote a single specimen, in which the seeming darkness of the earth's surface, contrasted with the light reflected from the planets, is made the occasion for a graceful allusion:—

And is our earth the only orb of gloom,
Whose sullen seas roll dark beneath their spray;
Mountain and moor reflect no living ray?
Amidst those worlds which wintry skies illumine,
Moves she alone in livery of the tomb?
Ah, could we view her rolling far away,
Beyond vicissitude of night and day,
Bathed in the ruddy glow she would assume,
Our ancient mother in her robe of light,
By distance glorified, we scarce should know.
So dark the day of toil, the hour of woe,
Viewed as it lies this moment in our sight;
So changed the present even now appears,
Far in the light of the eternal years.

The latter part of Mr. Stothert's little volume is devoted to occasional poems, which, in addition to the merit of not being sonnets, and especially not astronomical sonnets, are often graceful in expression, and always natural and simple in sentiment. The subjects are the same which have furnished materials for verse in all ages—friendship, early recollections, and family griefs. One of the poems describes a visit to Clevedon Church, and to the monument which has been made famous by the *In Memoriam*:—

His tablet bright in dusk appears,
His name, "the number of his years,"
The Poet's friend we know;
Mute witness to the noble worth,
The hopes long buried in the earth
With him who sleeps below.

It is pleasant, in days of vexatious controversy and proselytism, to find that a Roman Catholic divine is still not ashamed to express natural feelings, and to cultivate human sympathies.

Clevedon leads, by a natural transition, to Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, and to the *Poems of Past Years*, which, as their title implies, are rather the abandoned exercises of youth than the employments of the writer's maturer life. A sonnet on Geology, dated 1838, is founded on an excusable juvenile error, and on a fallacy at that time not uncommon. If poems in honour of astronomical discoveries are anomalous, verses in deprecation of

* *Le Cardinal de Bérulle. Sa Vie, ses Ecrits, et son Temps.* Par M. Nourrisson, Professeur de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Clermont. Paris: Didier. 1856.

† *Sonnets, chiefly Astronomical, and other Poems.* By the Rev. James A. Stothert. Dolman.

Poems of Past Years. By Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, Bart. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

scientific truth are still less consistent with sound principles of taste. Wonder at Nature is an earlier step in the progress of culture; but contempt for physical facts is a childish affectation. There is a certain ingenuity in the paradoxical phrase that the extension of knowledge is equivalent to "widening our sphere of ignorance," for when a lamp is lit at night, it widens our sphere of darkness by throwing it farther back; but geology cannot justly be accused of

lowering to a mere
Mechanic mass, that world which was so late
A source of Poetry, and Love, and Fear.

The mechanic mass remains as it was, nor has it lost any of the associations which connect its phenomena with poetry, or love, or fear. Geology, which has added to it a meaning and a history, has also realized the conception of duration in time, as astronomy has represented the incalculable extension of space. In a similarly fanciful and captious mood, the moon is apostrophized as "The Wandering Rock":—

Say, then, oh silent, solitary moon,
Has life ne'er glowed within thy cheerless breast?
Or art thou only bound in some brief swoon,
Thy vital warmth and energy suppressed,
And with the wrecks of ancient time o'erstrewn?

Since 1839, Sir Arthur Elton has no doubt reflected that, if the moon is really devoid of an atmosphere, the natural laws which thus exemplify themselves are their own sufficient justification. There are troubles enough in the world without quarrelling with the arrangements of the universe; but the paradoxical eccentricities of the ingenious youthful mind are in themselves conformable to natural laws, and therefore not unbecoming.

A descriptive passage will illustrate the facility of expression and the accurate observation displayed in the poems:—

Between tall feathery ferns and gorse which glowed
Like gold, there wound an unfrequented road
Across a heath which gently rose and fell
Until it ended in a woody dell:
There some old oaks like sentries stood, and threw
Their guardian arms o'er all that 'neath them grew;
Whilst thorny shrubs, among whose dark leaves lay
Blossoms like flakes of snow, the flowers of May,
Sheltered this spot upon all sides but one,
Where the faint rays of the declining sun,
Or west-wind bearing perfume from the heath,
Entered an arch of green leaves underneath.

Poetical practice is one of the best preparations for a good prose style. The study of words and of rhythm cultivates the ear and the taste; and the subjects which are generally set apart as proper for poetry serve as a corrective against the narrowness and hardness of controversy or political discussion. Greek statesmen learned music. Roman statesmen wrote Greek verses. And English gentlemen, in the course of their training for public life, may profitably employ a portion of their time in the exercise of any faculty which they may possess for occasional poetic production.

VAN DER HOEVEN'S ZOOLOGY.*

SOME years ago, the University of Cambridge—yielding, like her sister society on the Isis, to the clamours of the world without and the efforts of the best portion of her own children—determined, as is well known, to enlarge her scheme of instruction, and proposed to confer honorary distinctions upon those who excelled in the moral and physical science examinations. Dr. Clark, the Professor of Anatomy, has found, since a new impulse has been given to the studies over which he presides, that it is exceedingly difficult to point out any handbook of Zoology in our language which is well adapted for his purposes. Accordingly he has translated, from the second Dutch Edition, a work by Professor van der Hoeven, of Leyden. The first volume, treating of the Invertebrate Animals, now lies before us—a large octavo, of about 850 pages, illustrated with numerous plates. Professor van der Hoeven has enriched the English translation with many references to works which have been published since the last Dutch edition appeared, and Dr. Clark has added to the Professor's very luminous introduction to each class, and to other parts of the book, some original matter embodying the results of recent discovery.

We shall be much surprised if Dr. Clark does not draw down upon himself, by the course which he has taken, rather sharp criticism from some English Zoologists. There seem to us many things in Professor van der Hoeven's classification with which most respectable authorities will disagree. There are omissions and transpositions which not a little surprise us. The work, however, has that first virtue of text-books—extreme clearness and definiteness. We gather from some expressions of Dr. Clark in the preface that he considers its superiority to consist chiefly in its containing a larger amount of anatomical information than any other Zoological manual with which he is acquainted. Into the question whether this is or is not so, we do not enter. We prefer, taking Professor van der Hoeven for our guide, to draw out, for the benefit of those who have more interest in than knowledge of Zoology, a short sketch of the

various classes of the lowest division of animals, proceeding upwards from the imperfect to the more perfect—from those most unlike to those most akin to man—and leaving our readers on the confines of vertebrate life.

At the very bottom of the scale of being are the *Infusoria*, which were discovered by Leewenhoek in 1675, and derive their name from the fact that they are found "in infusions of every sort of organic matter." They are microscopic, and have a very simple structure. An ounce of sand from the shore of the Antilles has been computed to contain four millions of one species. Immediately above the *Infusoria* are the *Polypes*—a class of animals which, like the preceding, were for the most part unknown to the ancients, who gave the name *Polypus* to the members of a genus nearly related to the cuttlefish, which still retains in France the name of *Poulpe*. To the class of *Polypes* belong many marine creatures, which were till very recently supposed to be plants or minerals. Some thought they were branching crystallizations—some believed them to be sea-weeds, and fancied the little gelatinous bodies which contracted when they were removed from the water, to be buds or flowers. Even in 1727, when Reaumur communicated Peyssonnel's views as to their animal nature, to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, he felt himself obliged, in justice to the ingenious physician of Marseilles, to conceal the name of the author of so daring an hypothesis. *Polypes* are divided into two great sections—*Anthozoa* and *Bryozoa*. Familiar examples of the first section are the phosphorescent sea-pen, the common sea-anemone, and the madreporae, sometimes known as mushroom corals. The beautiful lace-coral, or *Retepora*, called by the French *Manchette de Neptune*, and not uncommon round our coasts, belongs to the second section. These creatures, humble as they are, have had a great duty to discharge since time began. To them we owe the mighty barrier-reefs of the Pacific, and the atolls, those "fairyrings of the ocean," whilst whole districts are composed of their fossil remains. The extraordinary beauty of many of the British species is an open secret, known to every one who interests himself in the wonders of the sea, but overlooked by the hundreds who daily crush beneath their feet the delicate polypids, or polype-houses, which lie thick in every mass of seaweed thrown up by the tide.

Above the *Polypes* come the *Acalephæ* or sea-nettles—a tribe several species of which are sure to attract the attention of every one who spends a few hours on the seashore. They move in the water by contraction and expansion, and are perfectly helpless when cast on the beach. Their name is derived from the burning pain which many of them cause when handled. The cause of this sensation is probably the irritation occasioned by some acrid fluid adhering to certain threadlike organs which, when the animal is undisturbed, lie rolled up in a little oval vesicle, and are pushed forth when it is pressed upon or injured. Some of these are phosphorescent. The Arabians on the Red Sea, according to Ehrenberg, call the *Medusæ*, which belong to this class, sea-candles. The brilliant oceanic illuminations, which so many travellers describe with rapture, are often due to minute species of *Medusæ* not larger than a pin's head.

The *Echinodermata*, or urchin-skins, are the next in order. This class includes all the *Echini* or sea-urchins, the starfishes, the sea-cucumbers, and many others. They are found in all parts of the world, but we have as yet a very imperfect acquaintance with many foreign species, and numerous genera, if not families, are perhaps yet to be discovered. In our seas there are many of great beauty. The *Brittle-stars*, so called because they break themselves to pieces, if not prevented by being killed, almost immediately on being removed from their native element, are among the prettiest. Many of our commonest fossils belong to this class, as the *Galerites*, the *Spatangi*, and the *Cidarites*.

Above the *Echinodermata* are the *Entozoa*, or internal worms. This class is not a natural one, and will probably, as science progresses, be broken up, for the creatures which are collected together in it are very different from each other, although they agree in the accident of their habitation being the bodies of other animals. Most of the species occur in birds and fishes. They live in all parts of the body, but chiefly on mucous membranes. More highly organized, and consequently more dignified than the internal worms, some of which attain very considerable dimensions, are the *Rotatoria*, or wheel-animalcules—creatures very little larger than the *Infusoria*, of which we have already spoken. They derive their name from the vibrating cilia which are set on the margin of a disc at the anterior extremity of the body. The motion of the cilia produces, by an optical illusion, the impression of a wheel rapidly rotating. They are capable of reviving, under the stimulus of fluid, after life has been apparently long extinct.

Above these microscopic creatures are the *Annulata*, or ringed worms—a class which, for reasons which it is unnecessary to state, is made by Professor van der Hoeven to include some animals whose bodies are not divided into rings. To the *Annulata* belong the common leech, the earth-worm, and the serpulæ, which dwell in those twisted sheaths, compacted with bits of shell or grains of sand, which are so continually dredged up from the sea on stones, old bottles, or other objects which have been for some time submerged. Many of the *Annulata* have, from their great beauty, received from admiring naturalists the names of mythological personages. The classical student is amused to meet with *Clymene* and *Amphitrite* in a group of

* *Handbook of Zoology*. By J. van der Hoeven. Translated from the Second Dutch Edition by the Rev. W. Clark, M.D., F.R.S. London: Longmans.

life so humble. The little sea-mouse is called Aphrodite by some, and Halithea by others. The ringed-worms lead us up to the insects, *Insecta*, or notched-animals, creatures, that is, with the head distinct from the trunk, with two antennæ attached to the head, and with "air canals distributed internally through the body, and generally divided into very fine branches. The first of these characteristics distinguishes the insects from the *Arachnids*, in which the head and thorax form a single piece, and which have no antennæ—the other distinguishes them from the *Crustaceans*, whose respiratory organs are gills, or other external appendages."

Our author divides insects into twelve orders:—1. *Myriapoda*, or many-footed creatures, with twenty-four or more pairs of legs, such as the centipede. 2. *Thysanura*, from "*thysanos*, a fringe, and *ovpa*, a tail, thus named from some species which have jointed threads at the posterior extremity." Some of them have forked tails, by striking which against the ground they spring upward. The *Desoria glacialis*, or glacier-flea, found by M. Désor some years ago on the glacier of Monte Rosa, belongs to the *Thysanura*. 3. *Parasitica*, as the louse. 4. *Pulicidæ*, as the flea. 5. *Strepsiptera*, a very small order. 6. *Diptera*, or two-winged, like the common fly. 7. *Hymenoptera*, or membrane-winged, like the wasp. 8. *Lepidoptera*, or scale-winged, including moths and butterflies. 9. *Neuroptera*, or nerve-winged, with four pairs of transparent wings, like the dragon-fly. 10. *Hemiptera*, half-winged, like the cicada. 11. *Orthoptera*, like the grasshopper. 12. *Coleoptera*, or sheath-winged, like the beetles.

The *Arachnids* were classed by Linneus under the head of insects. Lamarck was the first naturalist who separated the two tribes of animals, and since the year 1801 they have been treated as distinct. Scorpions and spiders belong to this class, which is very widely distributed. The larger species are found in the warmer regions of the globe. Most of them live on land, some in freshwater, very few in the sea. Exactly the reverse may be said with respect to the abode of the *Crustaceans*, the next tribe of which we have to speak. Their name is derived from their external covering, which is generally hard, and contains a large amount of carbonate of lime. To this class belong not only the common crab, the lobster, and the crayfish, but the acorn-barnacles, or sea-tulips, the trilobites, so common as fossils in some localities, and many other creatures which people generally refer, at first sight, to other divisions of the Animal Kingdom. We now reach the immense tribe of *Molluscs* (soft animals), which are divided by our author into three classes—the Tunicates, the Conchifers or Bivalves, and the Molluscs Proper. The tunicates are "acephalous molluscs without shells," but enclosed in a "sac of various thickness and hardness." To this class belong the ascidians, simple and compound. One genus of the latter has received the name of *pyrosoma* (fire-body), because they were first discovered "by voyagers on the Atlantic Ocean, under the Tropics, when, in a dark night, numerous specimens appeared to form a broad band of light across the sea." The Bivalves, with their numerous families, lie immediately above the Tunicates. Many of them are familiar to every one, and the brilliancy of the colours of their shells rendered them objects of interest long before most other branches of natural history attracted even the passing attention of the many. The effect of this upon the study of these animals has not been altogether good, for when conchology was taken up by triflers it soon became, in the mouth of the uninitiated, a bye-word for trifling, and even now, when, thanks to Müller and others, it has taken its place as a sub-department of one of the highest branches of human knowledge, expressions of impatience, repented, perhaps, as soon as uttered, will sometimes escape even cultivated persons, directed against those who seem to mispend their time in pursuits so absurd as "gathering molluscs."

We now reach the last class, the Molluscs Proper. In a former edition of his work, Professor Van der Hoeven named these "*Cephaloporous Molluscs*," and they have all a "head more or less distinct from the rest of the body." They have special organs for touch and for sight, sometimes also for hearing. Some live on land, which none of the animals in the two last classes ever do. The common snail is a familiar example of a land-inhabiting mollusc. The most dignified order in this class is that of the Cephalopoda, animals with their organs of motion arranged around the head; and the highest family in the whole class is that of the Octopoda, which includes the famous Argonaut—which the ancients, not understanding very well its anatomy, believed to float in still weather on the surface of the sea, using its fin-like arms for a sail.

It is obvious that this hand-book is an excellent one, and we are willing to take Dr. Clark's authority, and to believe it to be the best which is accessible to him. Be it the best, or only one of the best, we wish for it, and for the study which it is to subserve at Cambridge, all possible success in our Universities. The vast collections of the metropolis no doubt afford facilities to the zoological student which neither Oxford nor Cambridge can offer. To those, however, who feel a vocation to become Owens or Blainvilles, zoological studies will merely be commenced at the university; while there will always be means enough and to spare for giving to the class whose numbers make it the most important—the educated many—that amount of zoological knowledge which they desire. It is of infinite importance to the lover of physical science that he should see around him other pursuits as enthusiastically followed and at least as richly rewarded as his own. The naturalist has his temptations

as well as the classic or the mathematician. If we have Latinists who fall down and worship the author of a happy new reading in the *Georgics* of Virgil, and yet care not a whit for the plants alluded to in them—if we have mathematicians who despise as "too practical" their brethren who make calculations about some of even the least important heavenly bodies—we have entomologists whose soul is contracted to the size of the creatures amidst which they live, and botanists who forget, in the ardour of their devotion to their favourite pursuit, even the claims of justice and honour, and destroy a rare plant if found in a new station that the remaining specimens may be the more valuable as "plants of exchange." We wish to see all the different branches of human knowledge, studied side by side at our Universities, each acting on the volarities of the others, and all tending to keep alive that spirit of progress which recent reforms have fanned, and which those who love these magnificent institutions must not suffer again to die out.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.*

SEVERAL of the more successful writers in *Punch* have been lately republishing their contributions in a collected form. It is a strange comment on the whole character of English wit at the present day that there should be comic newspapers at all; and it is perhaps a still stranger one that the writers in them should voluntarily submit their works to such an ordeal. It is not less unfavourable to wit to be pledged to joke about everything than it would be unfavourable to conjugal affection for a man to be under a solemn obligation to be always making love to his wife; and the deliberate collection and republication of a series of jokes produced under such circumstances is in almost every case a mistake of the same kind, but of an infinitely higher degree. The caricatures in *Punch* are often, perhaps generally, excellent; but the letterpress is written under an inexorable necessity of making the British middle classes laugh—an undertaking generally neither easy nor graceful. Those classes have many admirable qualities, but they are certainly not elegant triflers. A man who has been buying and selling all the week, and who will pass his Sunday in reading Bickersteth's works and hearing sermons in Islington, can no more appreciate an indolent ironical view of life than he could live upon what, till *Punch* taught him it was vulgar to do so, he would have called "kickshaws." He is the kind of man who considers wit an innocent recreation, and who will prove that it does not come under the head of that "jesting which is not convenient," by telling you that religion never was designed to make our pleasures less. To such a man the wit of Swift or the wit of Rabelais would be equally displeasing. He does not believe that all the world is a joke, or that it is all a bad joke. To his understanding, wit is merely a permitted amusement. He has no objection to laugh at a pun or a riddle, but he is simply shocked at those who look upon life from the ironical point of view. He has no wish to be one of the scoffers who shall come in the latter days, and still less to sit in the seat of the scornful. If the mass of the readers of *Punch* are thus shut out from what is perhaps the highest form of wit, they are not less excluded from the only other form of it in which it can be anything more than a toy. As some writers are witty because they look at life from a point of view peculiar to a very few minds, there are others who show wit in their way of treating the common affairs of life; but wit of this kind is, from the nature of the case, incidental. A man finds it, and does not make it. Having a mind alive to the grotesque contradictions which sometimes occur in human affairs, he points them out when they come in his way in his other pursuits. Wit of this kind can never be met with in a comic newspaper. It is the offspring of intellectual energy, full of its subject, and enlivened by the sympathy of kindred minds. It is the kind of wit which displays itself in the writing or speaking of accomplished and vigorous men addressing their equals; and it would never answer the purpose of a professional joker, even if he had the power, to use it to extract an occasional laugh from the very tame, placid, and uncultivated readers to whom for the most part he addresses himself.

The various collections of papers contributed to *Punch* which have been republished by their different authors, bear evident traces of the conditions under which they were originally produced. With hardly an exception, they are the smallest of small wit on the narrowest possible subjects. Even Mr. Thackeray is unable, under such conditions, to write like a man of genius. The *Snob Papers* and *Jeames' Diary* are directed at such small follies, and are overlaid with such glaring ornament, that it is hardly possible to believe that their author should have been the most profound of modern satirists, and far the greatest of living novelists. If this is true of Mr. Thackeray, it is far more true of Mr. Douglas Jerrold. No one can deny that he has considerable talents, or that, though he is for the most part reduced, like Pope and Pagan in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, to growl and gnash his teeth at the passers-by, he occasionally displays in that amiable occupation a certain amount of energy and a sort of fuliginous wit. We do not know how far Mr. Douglas Jerrold may consider it a compliment, but we do not mean to compliment him when we say, that the tone of his writings seems to us eminently

* Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. By Douglas Jerrold. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1856.

aristocratic. His style is deeply imbued with the bitter contemptuous cynicism which nothing can excuse, but which the satiety arising from high social position might enable us to understand. He is a Swift without genius, and restricted in respect of phraseology by the habits of the time in which he lives. Or, perhaps, we may say, with greater accuracy, that he writes as one of the courtiers of Charles II.'s court might have written if he had been an author by profession, and had been forced to accommodate his style to the prejudices of the nineteenth century. It is a strange study to watch a man of this stamp struggle under the necessity of amusing that part of society which has enjoyed the advantage of acquiring the usual branches of a sound English education. It is like a half-bred horse grinding brickearth. The impatient gait, the malicious eye, the unequal pace, all tell how ill the animal is fitted for his task; but there is the clay, and there is the tale of bricks, and in due time the commodity required is ground out, and the commodious suburban residences at Hackney, and Clapton, and Camberwell, and Brixton chuckle over Mr. Punch's pleasant wit.

And yet what dreary wit it is when we come to see it lying dead before us, with no pictures and no change of style—ninety-seven octavo pages of small jokes, all upon the same subject! We should advise those who wish to judge of the justice of our opinion as to the effects of comic newspapers on wit, to go through the task of reading Mrs. Caudle's *Curtain Lectures*. They were Mr. Douglas Jerrold's greatest hit; and there is, no doubt, a certain humour in the scheme, and a good deal of clever workmanship in the execution. But what humour and what workmanship could possibly redeem a plan so monstrous on the face of it? If Shakespeare had turned Mrs. Quickly into an article of commerce, and sold her opinions on things in general by the pound, she would have become an unutterable bore; and certainly Mrs. Caudle is a long way behind Mrs. Quickly. "A scolding wife," says Solomon, "is a continual dropping;" and Mrs. Caudle's *Lectures* are nothing but a reservoir of such droppings. There are thirty-five of them, any one of which is probably as long as the whole of the half-dozen speeches by which Shakespeare immortalized Falstaff's hostess. In reading the whole series, the real character of the material of which they are composed becomes apparent. It is, we think, the poorest and dullest conception that ever obtained any kind of reputation for a writer. There is neither life nor variety in it. Mrs. Caudle has no individual character—she is simply a collection of six capital letters prefixed to a string of ill-natured and unreasonable complaints. The book has neither beginning, middle, nor end; it might have been continued through any number of volumes, and its character is perfectly apparent when we have read a single page. It is impossible to go through it without seeing that it was constructed merely as a commodity to be supplied until the demand died out. If this publication had either fancy or art to recommend it, it would perhaps be unfair to apply very stringent rules of criticism to a work of imagination produced under very unfavourable circumstances. *Punch's Prize Novels* were works of art—so was *James' Diary*, and as such they had great claims to indulgent criticism. But Mrs. Caudle's *Lectures* have no pretensions to such a character. They are a manufactured article—a sort of literary *Revalenta Arabica*—a mere inorganic mass of fun divided into weekly portions, like the little books which contain texts for every day in the year. We rise from reading them with the sensation of having dined for a week on mouldy wedding-cake. It may be quite true that Mr. Jerrold did not intend his *travaux d'esprit*, for we cannot call them *jeux*, to be submitted to this kind of test; but then why did he publish them in this form? If a mere joke is to fill a whole volume, it ought to address itself to faculties which are calculated to bear a certain amount of strain. The pleasure which we receive from verbal wit or caricature is in its nature transitory and occasional; and if it is kept up for any length of time, it becomes, like the violent pleasures of the senses—a rich taste or a sweet smell—positively painful. It is curious enough to see a tumbler stand on his head and walk about with his legs in the air, because we are not used to it; but if a tumbler were to walk on his head every day in the week from Knightsbridge to St. Paul's, the exhibition would be simply disgusting. We willingly pay a shilling to see the hippopotamus and the pythons in the Zoological Gardens, but we should be very sorry to pass a morning in their company. If a man will deal in prolonged pleasantry, it ought either to be grave and logical, like Swift's *Advice to Servants*, or Defoe's *Short Way with Dissenters*; or it ought to be sustained by some dramatic or narrative structure: but when it combines flippancy, length, and a fragmentary character, it is utterly bad.

Passing from artistic to moral considerations, we cannot speak very highly of Mr. Jerrold's performance. The wit, such as it is, is of a very dismal and unpleasant kind. To read a long series of fretful, teasing lectures addressed by a wife to a husband, which have no other recommendation about them than their studied want of logic and common sense, can hardly be considered excellent fooling. Perhaps no greater calamity could befall a man than to marry a woman so bitter, so selfish, so monstrously absurd and cruel as the heroine of this singular monologue; and we confess that we do not exactly appreciate the joke of specifying to all the world the details of a misfortune which would make the most splendid position, and the most interesting occupation in life, a continual purgatory. Mr. Thackeray very justly observes in the *Newcomes*, that, if a man had all that

heart could wish on the single condition of always wearing shoes with a couple of sharpish nails coming through the soles, his life would be a burden to him. There may be minds which would relish a minute description of the inflammation, the swelling, the constraint, and the restless change of position, which such a state of things would involve, but we confess we have no such taste. It would of course be absurd to charge Mr. Jerrold with any deliberate wish to bring marriage into discredit, but we think that exaggerated descriptions of the defects and irregularities, which are incidental to the working of all the relations of life, are very unwholesome reading. They give a false notion of the intensity of unavoidable troubles, and we can well imagine that they may often produce bad effects on melancholy and sensitive dispositions. Most men find it difficult enough to bear up cheerfully against the common trials of the world; and we do not think that they are likely to be aided in that undertaking by the floods of sentiment and ridicule with which, in the present day, a variety of birds, more or less unclean, are constantly fouling the common habitation of the human race.

COLUMBUS.*

WE have already bestowed a cursory notice on these volumes in one of our monthly *résumés* of French Literature. A careful perusal of their contents makes us somewhat hesitate whether they deserve anything more. If one half of them had been written differently, and the remainder not written at all—if their author had shown the smallest regard for truth, honesty, and common sense, or possessed a particle of the impartiality and critical discrimination which history demands—we might have been disposed to look with some leniency on this, the first effort of a Frenchman, a European, and a Roman Catholic, to narrate at any length the life and adventures of the discoverer of the New World. Critics, however, have a judicial duty to perform, and the discharge of that duty is, in the present case, the more imperative from the arrogant pretensions which the culprit advances to immaculate purity. The ground he takes is simply this—that the character and mission of Columbus have uniformly been grossly disfigured from having been handled by Protestant pens. Blinded by sectarian antipathies, the *école Protestante*—as he repeatedly and contemptuously styles Humboldt and Washington Irving—has done its best to ignore the halo of more than human sanctity which environs the life of the great Admiral, and to slur over those special and extraordinary manifestations of providential care by which, it is contended, his career was signalized. Columbus, it is alleged, was, in a peculiar and literal sense, a herald of the Cross, an ambassador of God, a worker of miracles, a second Moses, and even a saint:—"Découvrons le fond intime de notre pensée. Déclarons-le devant les hommes qui l'ignorent, comme devant Dieu qui le sait—Christophe Colomb fut un Saint." To this statement the author, according to his wont, gives all the emphasis of capital letters. Language and epithets such as these, sown broadcast throughout these volumes, ought, in our judgment, to be made use of on no evidence short of inspiration. We know not under what aspect they may be regarded by the unctuous *coterie* to which the writer belongs—to ourselves they look a little like blasphemy. The consequence is the more deplorable, because, in order to expose the author's absurdities, we are unavoidably compelled to arrest our gaze on the infirmities and shortcomings rather than on the grandeur of a life which, in the main, was that of a great and high-minded Christian hero. We shall not, of course, attempt anything like an analysis of these volumes. They contain nothing, falsehoods and nonsense excepted (a large saving clause), which the reader will not find with far greater elegance and fulness in the pages of Washington Irving. Our task will rather be to show the absurdities with which they abound, and more especially the untenableness of the position which M. Roselly de Lorgues takes up as hagiographer, rather than biographer, of Columbus.

The author has somewhat imprudently betrayed his consciousness that this position is far from impregnable, by devoting a considerable number of pages at the outset to the discussion of a question which might more properly have been reserved till he came to narrate in due course the circumstances out of which it arose. The facts of the case are as follows:—When Columbus, partly from disgust at the meanness and coldness of the King of Portugal, and partly from causes to which we shall presently allude, betook himself to the Court of Spain, he formed an attachment at Cordova to a lady of the name of Béatrix Enríquez, which, as his biographers have uniformly asserted, never received the sanction of wedlock. We may see some reason hereafter for subjecting this assertion to certain modifications. M. Roselly de Lorgues could not fail to be aware that such a proceeding on the part of Columbus was somewhat incompatible with the claims he advances on behalf of his hero to occupy the position of an immaculate saint. Accordingly, he begins with a blustering assertion that the statement in question is a base calumny, foisted upon the credulity of incurious readers by individuals who were hostile at once to the person and to the creed of the illustrious Admiral. As soon as he cools down, he attempts to substitute argument

* Christophe Colomb. *Histoire de sa Vie et de ses Voyages, d'après des documents authentiques tirés d'Espagne et d'Italie.* Par Roselly de Lorgues. 2 vols. Paris: Didier. 1856.

for railing, and triumphantly claims the victory over each and all of his opponents. In this triumph we cannot unreservedly concur. That his arguments are altogether destitute of weight we do not assert—that they are absolutely conclusive we totally deny. The irrefragable evidence of the Admiral's illicit attachment has been justly found, by previous biographers, in his own words. In a codicil to his will, made, as Washington Irving remarks, at the very verge of the grave, he charges his legitimate son, Don Diego, to provide for the maintenance of his brother's mother; "and let this be done for the discharge of my conscience, for it weighs heavily on my soul." He adds that it was not seemly to state more precisely the reason of this remorse. Words such as these, corroborated as they are by the absence of any documentary evidence to the contrary, can admit, one would imagine, but of one interpretation. Considerable ingenuity, it must be conceded, is shown by M. Roselly de Lorgues in dealing with them. Will it be believed that, in the course of his vehement argument in the Introduction to the first volume, where he more especially addresses himself to refute the alleged calumny, he not merely abstains from quoting them, but does not even allow the reader to suspect their existence? In a subsequent part of the same volume, where Béatrix Enriquez appears upon the scene, he incidentally mentions "quelques paroles de Colomb à son lit de mort, voilées d'une pudique réticence, et grossièrement interprétées," but refrains from anything more precise—taking care at the same time to herald this colourless allusion by an unflinching assertion of the *naud indissoluble* by which Columbus and Enriquez were joined together in holy wedlock. We are at a loss to see where is the *grossièreté* in the interpretation which has been given to the words of Columbus; and we confess that when we came to this passage in M. Roselly de Lorgues' work, we were unable to divine what his meaning could be. We shrewdly suspect that, at the time he wrote it, he himself shared our embarrassment. He needed some safe generality wherewith to slip out of the difficulty—so he put together something about *pudique réticence* and *grossièreté*, and hoped the reader would make the best of it. Yet this *pudique réticence* must either have been intended to cover the fact of an illicit attachment, or it must not. If the former, what becomes of the spotless Saint? If the latter, we would thank M. Roselly de Lorgues to explain the nature of the weight which bowed down the soul of Columbus à son lit de mort.

We believe that no further allusion would have been made to the contents of the codicil, if it had not been for a clever afterthought. The reader has seen that, in the first volume, the words of Columbus are spoken of as his *dying words*. In the second, by one of those amusing blunders which so often expose and confound dishonesty, this very designation is denounced as an *erreur grossière*, as an attempt to *calomnier jusque dans son agonie le révélateur du globe*, and as a piece of *fausse critique* and of *vaine érudition*. The writer's object is palpable. As his task advanced, he felt it impossible to send his volumes forth to the world without some more specific allusion to the facts at issue. It occurred to him that he would do much to lessen his dilemma if he could divest the words of Columbus of that additional solemnity which attaches to the language of a dying man; and he therefore sets himself to refute their alleged date—forgetting that his own evidence in the first volume was against him—by jumbling together the codicil and the will itself. He thus paves the way for the ludicrous interpretation of the actual words, whensoever used, which he at length succeeds in devising. The strong contrition expressed by the Admiral, and the cause of which he judged it unseemly to specify more particularly, is watered down into the very natural regret at his having been so much away from home! Such a ridiculous hypothesis is an insult to Columbus, and an outrage on common sense. A far stronger point on his side is an expression made use of by the Admiral in a letter to the members of the Spanish Council, where he speaks of having abandoned *muger y hijos*—"wife and children"—for the sake of prosecuting his mission of discovery. Though we confess we do not well see how Columbus could have ventured upon any less legitimate designation, it is to this expression that we alluded when we said that the arguments of M. Roselly de Lorgues, though anything but satisfactory, were not wholly unworthy of attention. If the author had taken the middle course of supposing that Columbus's connexion with Béatrix Enriquez, at first illicit, was ultimately sanctioned by the nuptial rite, we should not have been altogether averse to acquiesce in so convenient an hypothesis. As it is, however, the manner in which he has treated the subject—the anything but *pudique réticence* with which he endeavoured to conceal facts till he thought he had discovered a means of distorting them—only shows to what unworthy artifices a man will resort when bigotry compels him to sacrifice truth to sectarian zeal.

As a further proof of the puerile peevishness and perversity of M. Roselly de Lorgues, we may mention his reply to Humboldt's remark that Columbus had been induced, by his connexion with Béatrix to protract his stay at Cordova, and to put up with the indifference and coldness of the Spanish court. He immediately sets himself to show, by a prodigal display of dates, that one year Columbus was at Salamanca, another at Seville, and a third at Valladolid, and that Cordova "est précisément la ville où il s'est le moins souvent et le moins longtemps trouvé durant sa résidence en Espagne." A few pages further on, a shift in his argument leads him to quote an authentic document which proves

that Cordova was the regular domicile of Columbus. Such is the consistency of this enlightened and dispassionate writer. But this is not all. Saints do not commonly run away from their creditors. We regret to state that of this act Columbus was too probably guilty—a crime of such unusual occurrence that modern propriety must doubtless be considerably shocked at the intelligence. Here, again, we have proof before us which no reasonable man would attempt to gainsay. It is admitted on all hands that Columbus's departure from Lisbon was effected with the utmost secrecy. In the absence of any other evidence, it would only be natural to surmise that this stealthy retreat originated in a fear lest the King of Portugal should use violence to prevent its execution. It so happens, however, that other evidence is at hand. While Columbus was carrying on his irksome negotiations with the Court of Spain, John the Second wrote from Lisbon to invite him to return, and added the assurance that he might depend on perfect immunity from any civil suits which might be directed against his person. This, at any rate, is plain speaking. We have here no *pudique réticence* to lead us astray. The immaculate love of truth which actuates M. Roselly de Lorgues induces him to abstain from any allusion to the above intimation in the monarch's letter.

We regret that the perversions of fact of which M. Roselly de Lorgues has been guilty should have compelled us to adopt the ungracious course of counting the spots upon the sun; but we console ourselves with the thought that Columbus himself would have been the first to repel the fulsome praise of this clumsy advocate of his name and fame. It is in keeping with these more glaring and wilful distortions of fact that M. Roselly de Lorgues passes over in total silence the undoubted discovery of the Continent of America by Scandinavian navigators, many centuries anterior to Columbus—a discovery confessedly barren of consequences to humanity at large, but still not devoid of the deepest historical interest. On the other hand, he is equally careful to throw into the background the undoubted fact that Columbus, and we might add, Amerigo Vespucci, went to their graves without having more than the most confused suspicion, at the best, that they had done anything more than bring to light an extension of the Continent of Asia. To the same apprehension lest the glories of Columbus should be dimmed by an admission of the faintest obligation on his part to the researches of his contemporaries and the traditions of preceding ages, may be traced the numberless evasions and omissions to which this writer resorts whenever any facts come across his path which may seem to imply that something short of inspiration governed the conduct of his hero. He has not the sense to perceive that, if we are to cut asunder the bonds which bound Columbus alike to the past and to the present, he can only be looked upon as a dreamer who made a happy guess. As Humboldt admirably remarks:—

The great discoveries were not the result of happy chance. It would be unjust to look for their first germs in those instinctive feelings of the soul, to which posterity often attributes what has been the fruit of long meditation. Columbus, and the other great navigators who adorned the roll of Spanish mariners, were, for the age in which they lived, men of remarkable instruction. They achieved important discoveries because they had accurate notions of the earth, and of the length of the distances to be traversed; because they were capable of sifting the labours of their predecessors, of observing the winds which prevail in different zones, of measuring the variation of the needle to rectify their course, of calculating the length of the way, and of making a practical use of the least imperfect methods proposed by geometers of the day, for guiding a vessel through the deep as through a wilderness.

If M. Roselly de Lorgues had endeavoured to act in the spirit of Humboldt's observations, and to trace with care the various sources, written and oral, by which Columbus was gradually led to mature the great and glorious scheme which has immortalized his name, he would have done good service to truth, and supplied a notable deficiency in the literature of his country. What could have been more interesting than to follow, through successive centuries, that long line of tradition, those dim guessings after worlds unknown, which extend from the Atlantis of Plato to the prophecies of Seneca, and from these to the more sober prose of Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Pierre D'Ailly? Such, however, was not the object for which M. Roselly de Lorgues took up his pen. Although condemned, as he somewhere observes, by the nature of his plan, to "le plus stricte laconisme," he yet can find space for many a page of wearisome adulation of the Papal See, of dull expositions of legendary lore, of ecstatic descriptions of inconceivable miracles, and vehement imputations on the veracity of others which almost uniformly recoil upon himself. With regard to his attacks on other biographers of Columbus, and especially on Washington Irving, it is amusing to observe the cool manner in which M. Roselly de Lorgues borrows from the pages of the very men whom he thus professes to despise—and that without any acknowledgment. One instance out of several may suffice. If the reader will compare a passage in book ii. chap. vi. of Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*, commencing, "When the worthy friar," &c., with one in the work before us (vol. i. p. 199), commencing, "Une inexprimable tristesse," &c., he will find that the latter is almost a translation of the former. It gives us an odd idea of the morality of a man, to find him thus purloining odd bits out of a work which he holds up to execration as the product of a Protestant pen. We cannot, however, bring ourselves to quarrel with a proceeding to which we are indebted for the only readable portion of the book.

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KATHIE BRANDE.*

THE lady who publishes under the name of Holme Lee can write very pretty stories. That Holme Lee is a lady, we gather principally from two indications—slight, but, we think, infallible. One of these is that a great portion of the story turns on pecuniary embarrassments which the slightest knowledge of money matters would instantly unravel. We are indebted for the appreciation of this sign of a lady's writing to the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, in whose excellent work we should have lost a great many delicate touches of family misery, and many valuable religious reflections, if the hero had but known how a promissory note was negotiated. The other sign is, that the curate (of course there is a curate) in *Kathie Brande* writes a book which at once places him in the topmost ranks of his country's genius. This, we think, undeniably smacks of a woman's invention. Men are severer critics, but we may be thankful that this is the view which our lady acquaintances take of our early productions. Throughout *Kathie Brande* there is something slightly unreal and high-drawn, but there is much sweetness, and considerable power of description. It is called by the author a "fireside history of a quiet life;" and it paints the struggles and the disappointments of a young lady, who adds to the cares of a long engagement the duty of supporting a widowed mother in narrow circumstances. It is a picture of which the original is, we fear, too common in real life; and the fidelity with which it is drawn will bring it home with painful interest to many aching hearts. But if any readers recognise the touches of a sorrow with which they are unhappily familiar, they will scarcely fail to be soothed by a work in which they will find so much tenderness and simplicity, and such a keen perception of the intimate communion between man and nature.

It has almost grown into a truism that heroism may be displayed as well by the fireside as on the battle-field, and that valour and nobleness can always find work and room in the routine of the most commonplace life. A young woman whose affections are engaged by her first love—who longs to tread the rosy path before her, and who nevertheless turns resolutely into the thorny road of duty, with its hardships, its sickness of the heart, and its self-renunciation—may display a courage little less than that of Nelson, and a persevering ardour little inferior to that of Washington. To invent circumstances under which such a sacrifice should seem really called for, and to follow the mourner through the details of her suffering, would be a success in fictitious writing of which the greatest genius might be proud. But it is the primary condition of success that the sacrifice shall seem to have been made, not to point a moral, but in obedience to an obvious and unenviable duty. It is the great fault of *Kathie Brande* that the heroism makes herself and her lover unhappy for nothing. There does not appear to be the slightest reason why she should not have at once gratified her wishes, and improved the worldly condition of all whom she loved. *Kathie Brande* is the daughter of a minor canon in a cathedral town. Her father dies; and her mother, though still remaining in the old house, is scarcely able to maintain a decent appearance. *Kathie*, a plain, sickly child, is sent to stay with a grandmother living near the sea. She rises from a long illness with a new bloom, a passionate love of country pleasures, and a decided preference for the curate of the parish. This gentleman—who afterwards has the extraordinary success as a writer of which we have spoken—returns, or, perhaps, in deference to the lady's feelings, we ought to say, strives to awaken her love. A heavy shower, which obliges her to shelter herself in the curate's house, settles the business, and they are engaged. She is only seventeen, and she thinks that before marrying she ought to return to her mother. Once at home, her trials begin. A selfish brother goes to College, and cripples the family with debt. An aspiring younger sister extorts her mother's reluctant assent to a proposal of adoption made by a rich aunt. *Kathie* and her mother are all in all to each other. The young lady thinks it wrong to leave home, and, after years of doubt and delay, at last releases her lover from his engagement. The curate, who is now at the highest pinnacle of fame, marries a bishop's daughter. *Kathie* sorrows in secret, and after her mother's death is entirely alone in the world. It is, however, a long lane that has no turning. Eleven years after her old engagement had begun, and after many wanderings, she meets her lover by chance in the cathedral town. The lover is in the deepest mourning, the bishop's daughter having been good enough to die—so all ends happily, and *Kathie* closes her story by a picture of the tranquil prosperity she is enjoying. Throughout she behaves admirably, but it would be pleasant to read of her good conduct if we did not know that a person placed under similar circumstances in real life would have found no occasion for the sacrifice. The clever curate is quite able and willing to support her and her mother. There seems no reasonable objection to his doing so. He offers to do all that a kind husband ought, and we may be sure that in real life his offer would have been gladly accepted. It is ridiculous that two people sincerely attached to each other, should be parted because the marriage will cost the husband rather more than he expected, but much less than he is able and desirous to pay. A girl who knew that, if she married, her mother must be an incumbrance to her future

husband, should take care not to engage herself without distinctly telling her lover what he had to expect. But when once an engagement is formed, if subsequent misfortunes happen, this sort of delicacy is at an end, and nothing remains to be decided except whether prudence will justify the marriage taking place.

If, however, we shut our eyes to the needlessness of the sacrifice, and confine our attention to the mode in which it is borne, we shall find much to admire. Especially we may notice that there is nothing forced or pretentious about *Kathie*'s grief. She is a quiet, modest, good girl, and we are heartily sorry that she has not better luck. The greatest merit of the book is, perhaps, the key in which the notes of sorrow are pitched. There is a religious atmosphere without any religious expressions. *Kathie* grieves as a good woman should grieve, and the record of her woes may send many sympathizing sisters with fuller hearts to their devotions; but she herself never speaks of what does not belong to this world. It is in this way that all great poetry and the stories of great lives appeal to us. They alter the frame of our minds, but do not specify the direction in which they are to be bent. We feel better for reading them, but are left to show our improvement in our own way. Most of the writers of religious fiction in the present day fall far short of this, and are unable to represent religious feelings without limiting their exhibition to one particular mode of manifestation. If a heroine is in sorrow, we are told that she goes to church two or even three times a day, or that she reads a favourite psalm or lesson, and we are lucky if we have not a page of Scripture transcribed *verbatim*. The author of *Kathie Brande* has too true a perception of what is universal in art to write in this way. She writes so that some persons reading the story would feel that under such circumstances they would go to church—others, that they would find food for silent meditation, and then turn to works of actual benevolence. We may be sure that it is no common story-teller who can portray the general feeling without confining it within the bounds of a particular form.

In the genuineness of her love for nature, her power of depicting the sensations it awakens, and her apprehension of the beauties of what we may call ordinary scenery, Holme Lee often reminds us of the lamented author of *Jane Eyre*. She has not, indeed, anything like the same wealth of words, or the same passionate rapture in the contemplation of the miracles of earth and sky. But to both the love of nature is an abiding reality—not a casual emotion, but something interwoven with all the innermost fibres of the heart. Many of the best parts of *Kathie Brande* gain their chief charm from the patient and loving observation with which the face of nature has been watched by the writer. There is, too, an undefinable but perceptible affinity between *Kathie*'s character and the scenery in which she is supposed to live; and to make this gradually evident, shows great artistic power. This scenery is of two kinds—that of a cathedral town and its neighbourhood, and that of a bleak coast bordered by open moors. The former is allied to *Kathie*'s tranquil strength—the latter to all that is free and poetic in her temper. The subtle skill with which scenery and character are made to tell on each other cannot be illustrated by single quotations, but we will give two extracts, one chosen from the description of each kind of scenery, which will at least show that the author can write. The first describes the cathedral of Eversley:—

At this day, looking outward from the walls, stretch the growing suburbs, meadows, pastures, corn-fields, gentle slopes crested with wood, quiet reaches in the river, and pleasant villages: only in a name here and there which the legendary voice of the people has preserved, are any traces left of chivalrous or warlike times. But the mellow and romantic tints of old days cling fast to the city within; conspicuous from every point rise the mist-grey cathedral towers; for seven hundred years or more have they flung their holy shadow down upon the clustered houses below, whence generation after generation has crumbled into ignoble dust, while the monument of their sin or their repentance still lifts a sacred grandeur up to heaven. What religious master-mind conceived its glories, what architect planned, what skilful workman wrought on foliated capital, on stately column, on airy arch, tradition saith not; there the Minster stands, the pride, the grace, the glory of the ancient city. Hands never cease from it, or Time's remorseless decay either. With imperceptible touch he wears the sharp edge off solid buttress, dulls the point of arrowy pinnacle, gnaws the mortar out between the stones, and shakes the stained window in its granite frame. Then swift comes the cunning mason, and repairs his brother's work, done centuries before, while the arch-destroyer creeps away to another aisle, and goes on with his silent labour in the shade.

The second describes a morning ramble taken by *Kathie*, when on a visit to her grandmother in the moorland country:—

At breakfast I observed that Aunt Aurelia kept her eyes studiously averted from my face; and when it was over, grandmamma advised me to take a long walk on the sands, to blow away the remains of my feverishness. Really glad to be alone, I left the house: but not in the direction indicated. I wanted to be up once more on those purple-black moors, high, high above the salt mist and the monotonous wave-song; so I turned into the fields, and tramped along their upland paths, and through the grass, lush with heavy rains, until I emerged on the heath, which lay wild and wide below a sky of silvery grey, flecked over with small, snowy clouds. On the horizon still hung huge watery masses which the storm had not yet swept away, and seawards was a dim haze enveloping all, as in a cloak. I had crossed this moor in the coach on coming to Crofton—what a gap lay between that time and the present!—it stretched for miles away, an even surface of now fading heather; a desolate expanse suggestive of wintry winds and drifting snows. A cross-road, very rugged and stony, seemed to strike into the heart of the moorland; and taking it in preference to the highway, I followed it for a couple of miles, until it divided into two branches; one tending eastward to the sea, the other going in a northerly direction.

* *Kathie Brande: a Fireside History of a Quiet Life.* By Holme Lee. 4 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.

PARAGUAY, BRAZIL, AND THE PLATE.*

DAY after day, the world seems to narrow to our view, and, covered as it now is with well-worn tracks, the good old times when travellers' tales flourished have almost passed away for ever. "Depend upon it," says Mr. Mansfield, writing from Pernambuco, "that little W.'s husband will have his country house in Brazil, and that Englishmen of the next generation will go out of town hither as they now do to their usual dwellings; then the human race will no longer sit like a fool, and travel across the sea, but go sailing through the air, sending its goods in ships which will no more resemble ours than an egg does an eagle." Yet there still remain some few spots of earth difficult of access—El Dorados and Utopias to be explored and colonized. Of these, Paraguay—that "inland Japan," as Mr. Mansfield happily terms it—is one. It was to gratify a dream in which he had indulged for many years, and as a "relaxation from mingled toil and sorrow," that, in 1852, he set sail for South America. He went thither with no definite object, but he had scarcely landed at Pernambuco when he felt a strong desire to penetrate as far as Paraguay; and as he drew nearer to that land of promise, it seemed to become clearer to him that he was sent there for some special purpose. What it was he could not tell, nor did he trouble himself about it, feeling that his immediate work was cut out for him, and that that work was to see the richness and nakedness of the land. It is affecting to read all this by the melancholy light which the present casts upon the past—to know that, ere four years had passed away, all his bright hopes and expectations were quenched in death—and that never more would he be permitted to revisit the lovely regions of Western South America, there to carry out the extensive plans which he had formed for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Those plans consisted in a scheme for colonizing the Gran Chaco, which, after his visit to Assumption, became part and parcel of his life. Often and often he had gazed, hour after hour, in awe and wonder, on that as yet unspoiled Arcadia, with all its glorious capacities of life—rank now with long grass, and full of tigers, without a sign of human life, but hereafter to be transformed into a region smiling in pastures, luxuriant in corn-fields, and rich in woods:—

One thing (Mr. Mansfield writes) is abundantly clear to me—viz., that the Gran Chaco is the yet empty cradle of a mighty nation; it must be the theatre of a new era in history—it is the place. Just cast your eye upon the map; just see the tract of land in length from Santa Fé, ten degrees of latitude northwards, and some six degrees of longitude in breadth, from the Paraguay-Paraná towards the west, and consider if it be not a marvel—a splendid country, possessed by wild Indians alone, who live upon nothing but wild beasts—men who, by their neglect of the earth, have forfeited their right to claim national property in it—a wild garden, surrounded on all sides by provinces occupied, or pretended to be occupied, by Spanish tribes, none of whom dare set foot in this territory, and yet have the impudence to call it their own. This territory is actually an undiscovered country. It is just known that the rivers are, or may easily be made navigable, and the rich verdure of the country is visible from the top of the house, and that is all that is known of it.

Though Paraguay is now open, and the treaty made by our Government may tend to develop its resources, still Mr. Mansfield thinks that the work which ought to be done there will not be accomplished without the aid of Englishmen. "Here we are," he exclaims, "in a town of some 20,000 souls, and on the other side of the river is the Chaco, wherein, of these 20,000, not one dares set his foot." And yet that the country possesses vast capabilities still to be unfolded, Mr. Mansfield considers quite obvious. It is the focus of the docile race of the Guarani Indians, where the organising talents of the Jesuits were concentrated, while the insulation of its territory, and the seclusion to which the people were condemned by the policy of their tyrannical rulers, have preserved a true feeling of patriotism in the inhabitants. Mr. Mansfield adds that he is convinced these people are to furnish, in part, the hands by which English heads are to do wonders in civilizing the rich deserts of South America. On Englishmen, indeed, the district of Paraguay has especial claims, since its discovery was owing to one of their own compatriots, Sebastian Cabot, who, in 1527, entered the Paraná in two small Spanish vessels, sent out by a company of Seville merchants. He ascended the river as far as the cataracts, and then sailed as far as the river Bernigo, where he successfully fought with a race of Indians, who afterwards conceived a great admiration for their conquerors, and gave them provisions, and gold and silver ornaments, which they had obtained from Peru.

After spending some two months at Assumption, Mr. Mansfield "having found the beautiful," returned down the river Paraná, contented and happy, spending the voyage in "lying all afternoon on deck, working Spanish out of Ollendorf, sleeping, and reading Maurice's glorious *Kingdom of Christ*"—little dreaming that his work in South America was over, and that the 'only record left of it would be the familiar letters which he doubtless did not imagine would ever be given to the world. If, however, the publication of them should induce others to go forth to a land where "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers few," his schemes for colonizing the country may possibly be accomplished—and that to a greater extent than he had ever ventured to anticipate. Interesting as

his account of his travels is in itself, it is rendered greatly more so by the light which these letters throw upon the character of the writer. His genial, simple, and earnest nature, full of heroism and self-abnegation, uniting ardour with thoughtfulness, and his buoyant spirit ever kept in wholesome check by the bitter experiences of his life—these qualities of mind and heart give a peculiar attractiveness to his pages. Always patient, always ready to yield his own wishes to those of others, always cheerful, always helpful, his society on a journey must have been delightful indeed, and we cannot help wondering that M. and Madame G——, in whose company he travelled from Buenos Ayres to Assumption, did not always appear sufficiently to appreciate the privilege of having such a fellow-traveller. Those who take delight in the beauty of nature would have found him a most congenial companion; and the graphic descriptions he gives of the forest scenery of the Brazils will be read by every one with pleasure and interest. In a letter from Pernambuco, he says:—

I need not pour out my rapturous admiration of the works of the great Poet Father, as you have seen such, and have worshipped in similar scenes. The beauty is almost bewildering. The glorious cocoa-nut trees, bananas, and several kinds of palm, bread-fruit, &c. &c., and the magnificent green oranges. I am too giddy to write soberly about anything. I feel inclined to cut capers under the trees till I am tired, then sigh like a hippopotamus for some one to pour it all out upon, and then lie down and dream.

His rides in the vicinity are, he says, through one continuous garden of all sorts of marvellous beauty. Here he sees enormous trees, shooting up like masts of Brobdingnag ships, with rigging to match—the cordage being either the stems of gigantic vines or the roots of great arums, which cling round the stems of the trees at a great height, like the capitals of huge columns. There he beholds thousands of palms of all heights and sizes, with their beautiful feathery leaves and elegant forms. And again, he is charmed by the varied hues of the magnificent orchises, which grow on the branches of the trees. "How I wish," he says in a letter, "that I could carry out my design of a picture gallery for the million, of actual portraits from the life of the tropical plant-life."

In common with other travellers, the silence of the *mato virgine*, or primeval forest, strikes him with wonder. In the denser portions, only two or three different kinds of parrots are sometimes heard screaming in the trees, while the ceaseless hum kept up by the myriads of insects which people those vast solitudes serves but to make the absence of other sounds more evident. Amidst all the beauty which surrounds him, Mr. Mansfield says that he does not know which to wonder at most—the glorious vegetation or the indifference with which every one regards it. The ignorance of the English settled at Pernambuco as to the natural productions of the country perfectly astonishes him—all they know about the vicinity being, it appears, derived from occasional expeditions into the interior to collect bad debts. With regard to the social condition of the Brazilians, it would not seem to be in a very favourable state, if Mr. Mansfield is right when he says that the only industry is sugar growing, mandioca eating, and assassination. Corruption pervades every department of the administration, and there are enormous levies, not only on imports but on exports, though it is said that the Government desires to be liberal, and to encourage commerce. Of Buenos Ayres he does not give a very pleasant account. The soil is soaked with beasts' blood, the ditches in the vicinity of the town being filled with blood instead of water, in all states of putrefaction; and there are miles, and miles, of fences three or four feet high and two thick, made of the bones and horns of bullocks. In pleasant contrast to this disagreeable picture is the description he gives of the cleanliness prevailing among the inhabitants of Paraguay, where the streets in the lanes and villages are beautiful lawns, without a stone to be seen. The most interesting of Mr. Mansfield's letters is that in which he states his ideas on the future of Western South America. He believes, either that the industrious masses of Europe will invade it, and take by force what they require for their necessities, or that it will be silently conquered by the slow and sure process of emigration, the present owners being absorbed in the industrious race to whose energies it offers so inviting field.

We scarcely like to take leave of this interesting book without mentioning that, although Mr. Mansfield's scheme for colonizing the Chaco occupied great part of his thoughts after his return home, it did not prevent him from giving his attention to other pursuits of equal, if not greater, importance. The beautiful and touching little sketch of his life, penned as an affectionate "In memoriam" by one who loved him well because he knew him thoroughly, will suffice to show how varied were his acquirements, how shining his talents, and how great the use he made of them. "He was already recognised," says Mr. Kingsley, "as one of the most promising young chemists in England," for whose future renown no hopes could have been too high, had not those hopes been suddenly quenched by the accident which terminated in his death. Some years ago he devoted himself to researches connected with the uses and utility of Benzole, and an able review of a pamphlet which he wrote on the subject appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1849. From it we learn that, month after month, he patiently watched the crystallization of coal-tar in a retort. At last he had his reward—he succeeded in separating benzole from the other products of coal-tar, with which it is closely allied, and in discovering its manifold uses. His Essay, says his re-

* *Paraguay, Brazil, and the Plate.* Letters written in 1852, 1853. By C. B. Mansfield, Esq., M.A. With a Sketch of the Author's Life, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Jun. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

viewer, is a complete specimen of a chemical monograph—the first attempt to bring a study which to many seems most arid and abstruse into harmony with the common sympathies of man, by teaching the meaning, beauty, and richness of the commonest things. None but a true poet could do this; and that Mr. Mansfield possessed a poet's imagination we need no other proof than a charming allegory that he wrote some six years ago, and which appeared in the above-named periodical under the title of "Hints from Hygea." In this delightful little *jeu d'esprit*, much chemical knowledge is veiled under the most fanciful imagery, making us feel that the genius of poetry hovers over the alembic of the modern chemist just as it did over the crucible of the ancient alchemist. Beautiful in thought and happy in expression is the description he gives of his journey through space to the planet Hygea, in his balloon filled with the purest hydrogen distilled from the rain-water of Egypt, with the precious thunderbolt that fell upon *Egospotamos*. As he rose, flashes of ruby and sapphire glow swept across the black blue sky—meteors rushing past in one unbroken stream, save where they glittered obliquely with the setting sun. At length he reached the planet Hygea, where dwell a happy, busy people, full of love and wisdom, from whom he learnt lessons which, fitly applied here, might render our planet as much a paradise as their own.

We make no apology for reverting to these writings of Mr. Mansfield, since nothing that relates to such a man can fail to be interesting. One word before we have done. Our best thanks are due to the editor of these letters for having given them to us exactly as they were written, "home spun for home use." We respect him for the diffidence which he tells us that he felt "in altering the writings of one like Charles Mansfield, in whom so many rare and loveable gifts were so strangely blended, that though one may meet his equal, none who knew him will ever expect to meet in this world his like."

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